



that the lodger franchise will not add to the proportionate number of voters belonging to the working classes. He thinks that, by the use of this adroit manoeuvre, lodgers, who constitute the vast bulk of the working-men of London and of some other large towns, may be so dealt with that, while they are enfranchised, their enfranchisement shall produce no political result whatever. Lastly, there is to be a new kind of county franchise in addition to that of the occupancy of a house and land of the value of 14*l*. At present, those who live in boroughs, and have a freehold of forty shillings, may, if they have a double qualification, vote for both borough and county; and Mr. GLADSTONE proposes that persons shall have the same right who have in the borough such a copyhold or long leasehold qualification as would, if it were in the county, give them a county vote. There may be no great objection to this, but, at any rate, there are no data by which to estimate its effects, and we are at a loss to know whether the change is worth making, merely to remedy a defect of which no one is sensible.

But when it is admitted that the main proposal of the Government is not unreasonable, and that the subordinate proposals are not very important one way or the other, the objections to the Bill are still to come. The Bill is confessedly a fragmentary measure. It does not extend to Ireland or Scotland; it carries with it no redistribution of seats; it provides for no rearrangement of the area of boroughs. The only defence for this would be, that things might go on very well if no supplemental Bills were to be proposed, and if this Bill, when passed, were to stand by itself. The scheme of the Government is only justifiable on the supposition that the franchise might be extended while the present distribution might be, and ought to be, kept as it is. For if a redistribution of seats is to be made, the effects of the present Bill are simply beyond calculation. At present we will assume that one-third of the voting power is to belong to the working classes; but a redistribution of seats might, in a few strokes of the pen, cut this down to a tenth, or raise it to two-thirds. The results of the Bill on the present constituencies may be roughly estimated, but no one can say what would be its effects on constituencies that do not exist. It might be a timid, a safe, a democratic, a revolutionary measure; no one can tell what it would be. If the extension of the franchise and the redistribution of seats were taken together, it would be easy to make the same principles run through a Bill. If it is considered desirable, as the Government Bill assumes it to be desirable, that the middle class should have two-thirds of the voting power, this could be carried out in the redistribution of seats, as well as in the extension of the franchise. The seats gained by the sacrifice of the smaller boroughs or by the enlargement of the House could be so distributed, by dividing them among the Northern towns and the counties, that the desired balance of power should be preserved. But, unless the two main elements of a Reform Bill are combined, the principle on which the present Bill is based vanishes away. The present Parliament might be invited to vote away a given fraction of the electoral power of the class that has returned it, but it is very hard to call on it to vote away a fraction of this power, and then leave it to other people to say how much this fraction shall be. For it is idle to think that the present Parliament, if it passed Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill, would have any control over the redistribution of seats. It could not pass a Bill for this purpose before the new voters were on the register; and, as the Government could then appeal to the enlarged constituencies, the Opposition would have no alternative but to permit the appeal, or take the redistribution the Government chose to prescribe; and a Parliament, when the Opposition is paralysed in this way, has lost all control over affairs. That a redistribution of seats must follow an extension of the franchise is too obvious to need proof, for enormous constituencies of thousands on thousands will not allow themselves to be perpetually thwarted by what Mr. BRIGHT calls villages in the West of England. Practically, therefore, the proposal of the Government comes to this, that the present Parliament shall extend the franchise, and that another Parliament, elected by a different set of voters, shall decide whether the principle on which the present Parliament acts is to be maintained. No Government ever asked a Parliament for a greater concession, and both their party and the country may justly complain of the conduct of the Government in making such a demand on Parliament. The Bill has evidently been brought forward, not because the Government had arrived at a complete and mature conclusion, but in order that the Cabinet might seem to be doing something, and that Lord RUSSELL might appear once more in his well-known cha-

racter of the Father of Reform. This was a great mistake. Anything would have been better than hurrying on the introduction of an incomplete, one-sided, ill-considered measure which was sure to embitter the discussion of Reform, and could not possibly settle the question.

#### RECALL OF SIR CHARLES DARLING.

THE despatches in which Mr. CARDWELL successively censures and recalls Sir CHARLES DARLING are reasonable exhibitions of official vigour and models of courteous severity. It was necessary to expose and reprove the delusions of a Governor who evidently took pride in the honesty and sagacity which he had displayed in repeated violations of the plainest laws. It may be admitted that responsible government, as practised in the great English colonies, implicitly contains many real or apparent anomalies; but if a representative of the Crown fails to understand his own special business, his superiors must seek for a more intelligent agent. Mr. CARDWELL carefully abstains from entering into the merits of the political deadlock at Melbourne. The different branches of the Legislature and the present or future Ministers must solve, to the best of their ability, the problems which they have propounded; but the Governor must henceforth observe the plain duty of conforming to the law. Sir CHARLES DARLING had involved himself in a complicated set of contrivances for the purpose of enabling the Lower House to engross the functions of the entire Parliament. When the Assembly tried to force an obnoxious tariff on the Council by tacking the Budget to the Appropriation Bill, a cautious Governor ought to have remained entirely neutral, while the contending bodies ascertained, by experience, the extent of their several powers. The inconvenience of refusing supplies is one of the methods which constitutional nature has provided for removing obstructions, and restoring the normal condition of legislative functions. The patriots of a thriving colony, though they are willing to vex one another by the use and abuse of Parliamentary tactics, seldom wish to interrupt the ordinary conduct of affairs. When two rival authorities render the collection and disbursement of public money impracticable, it is, on the whole, desirable that salaries should not be paid, and that the State should undergo for the time a technical insolvency. The numerous sufferers are not unlikely to direct their indignation towards the proper quarter, as they discern, with a tact quickened by personal interest, the factious motives which, on one side or both, have produced general annoyance. If Sir CHARLES DARLING had steadily supported his Ministers in all ordinary measures, and at the same time insisted on strict observance of the law, he would probably have enforced a compromise between the hostile parties, and at least he would have kept the prerogative unstained by the questionable proceedings of a faction. Instead of allowing the self-acting machine to correct its own errors, he seems to have thought it his primary duty to prevent it, at any hazard, from stopping. The perfect good faith in which the GOVERNOR entered into the local squabbles is curiously illustrated by the complacent tone of the despatches which have earned an unexpected rebuff.

The party of Protection, which controlled the Assembly, had, in the Bill which was afterwards rejected by the Council, reduced the duties on non-competing articles of import, while domestic products were favoured by the imposition of high customs' rates. As soon as the measure had passed the Assembly, the Government proceeded to levy the new rates; but, for a time, importers who profited by the reductions were obliged to give security for the payment of the old duties, if they should afterwards be legally demanded. In this manner, traders in certain classes of goods paid too much, while purchasers of tea, coffee, and some other imported articles were relieved from the charges which were due to the Colonial Treasury. Laxity of practice is generally elastic, and the conscience of the Government gradually became callous to the irregularity of remitting duties without legislative sanction. After a few months, the officers of the Treasury arbitrarily ceased to exact bonds for the unpaid balance of Customs' duties, and, with singular perversity, the Government was thus with one hand raising illegal payments from traders, and with the other it was squandering funds of which it was accountable trustee. On an appeal against the payment of the new duties, the Supreme Court decided that the tariff was invalid; yet the GOVERNOR supported his Ministers in an obstinate determination to persist in their breach of the law. At the general election which followed the final withdrawal of the obnoxious Bill, many Ministerial candidates were personally interested, as debtors to the revenue, in the



reduction of the non-competitive duties. The GOVERNOR had probably no corrupt designs, but by a systematic misconception of his duty he offered a premium to the grossest dishonesty. Perhaps the most inexcusable of his acts was the mode in which he raised money for the immediate necessities of the Government. As no capitalist would lend money without Parliamentary security, the Ministers applied to the Melbourne banks to release them from the difficulty which they had brought upon themselves. Only one establishment, happening to be closely connected with some of the Ministers, responded to the demand, on an understanding that the Government would suffer judgment by default in a series of undefended actions for the amounts advanced. A more transparent evasion of the law could scarcely have been devised, and the Ministers themselves abstained from any display of resentment to the more cautious bankers who had contented themselves with the legitimate course of business. Sir CHARLES DARLING committed, however, the incredible indiscretion of telling Mr. CARDWELL that if his advisers had shared his own opinion he would have withdrawn the advantage of receiving Government balances from the recusant firms. The censure which he has consequently incurred will probably cause the same feeling of surprise which was felt by Mr. EYRE when he heard the effect in England of his Jamaica despatches.

The last and grossest of many blunders compelled Mr. CARDWELL to dismiss the unfortunate GOVERNOR. In the constitutional conflict, nearly all the higher classes of Victoria have been opposed to the policy of the Government; and a number of ex-Ministers, holding the honorary rank of Executive Councillors, forwarded to the Colonial Office a memorial complaining of the conduct of the GOVERNOR. Sir CHARLES DARLING, in forwarding the document, expressed his opinion that it would be hereafter impossible that he should act with any of the persons who had ventured to impugn his conduct. A proscription of all English Privy Councillors who happen not to be actually in office would not be a more extravagant act than Sir CHARLES DARLING's denunciation of his opponents. As Mr. CARDWELL forcibly stated, the GOVERNOR had rendered it impossible for himself to form any Administration which might be required to take the place of his present advisers. Like a little GEORGE III. of the Antipodes, he had chosen to consider the leaders of the Opposition as his enemies, and he had consequently deprived himself of the power of conducting a constitutional Government. His mistake probably originated in an overstrained desire to support the Ministers who represented the temporary majority. It is surprising that the most puzzle-headed of proconsuls should not have understood that colonial Whigs and Tories are equally entitled, in turn, to loyalty and confidence. Sir CHARLES DARLING evidently supposed that in becoming a partisan he was discharging a duty to the dominant faction. His successor may, perhaps, have to act with the same Ministers, who may not improbably propose to him another series of illegal measures. Within certain limits the colony must submit to the inconveniences which may arise from the violence and indiscretion of its elected representatives. There is no danger that any future Governor will allow public money to be expended without the indispensable sanction of Parliament.

In the debate on the Jamaica Bill, Lord GREY reminded the House of Lords that the success of the new Government would depend principally on the personal qualifications of those by whom it will be administered. There is room for a similar warning to those who select the Governors of other colonies. It is comparatively easy to find upright and industrious public servants for any definite administrative duty. The ruler of a self-governing colony ought to have a portion of the knowledge and good sense which are indispensable, in large or small communities, to the character of a statesman. Lord LONGFORD said with much truth that almost all colonies were discontented, and the fault rests mainly with the nominees of the Imperial Government. For a colony which possesses an independent Legislature it is almost always expedient to provide a Governor who has himself sat in one or other House of Parliament. Constitutional principles are better understood by instinct and by practice than with the aid of any formal exposition. The neutrality of the Crown is familiar to the understanding of every man who has taken even the humblest part in domestic English politics. A man of real ability might find both amusement and occasions of public usefulness in a systematic attempt to influence colonial Cabinets and Parliaments without attempting to usurp their functions.

#### AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.

THE controversy between Austria and Prussia on the subject of Schleswig-Holstein has become serious and dangerous. The Cabinet of Vienna must be aware that Austria can only lose by a fratricidal war in Germany, but the conviction has been gradually dawning on them that the ambition of Prussia is illimitable, and that the more Austria gives the more Prussia will demand. There is every reason to suppose that they have made up their minds to yield nothing further, even at the risk of a terrible rupture. It is true that the Austrian Empire has not the finances requisite to enable it to support a war, without crippling itself for many long years to come. It is also evident that the Austrian Empire is not at peace with its own subjects. The Hungarian question is not nearly settled, and the last Address drafted in the Lower House, in answer to the Imperial Rescript, does not look like settlement. But the political interests involved in the Schleswig-Holstein discussion are so great as, in the opinion of the Government of Vienna, to outweigh all financial considerations. And, though the Hungarian problem is still far from solved, the Imperial visit to Hungary has done some good. The EMPEROR's fair speeches, and the sight of the EMPRESS's pleasant face, have not persuaded the Hungarians to surrender a tithe of their legal claims; but the discussion between them and their Sovereign has become, in consequence of the recent interchange of civilities, more friendly and less bitter. They know that M. SCHMERLING's plan of ignoring Austria's non-German provinces has failed; that the EMPEROR knows it has failed; and that it is not likely at present, unless His IMPERIAL MAJESTY suddenly alters his resolution, to be revived. Just sufficient progress has, therefore, been made to render it improbable that Hungary would seize the occasion of a German crisis to make herself a thorn in Austria's side. The Hungarians are a loyal people, and have no wish to separate themselves from the Austrian reigning family. A war between Austria and France might perhaps disturb their allegiance, for the French EMPEROR has the power of influencing the revolutionary party all over Europe; but M. BISMARCK has not the same opportunities, and Hungary would scarcely refuse to assist her KING in a war against the King of Prussia, either with money or with men. The Cabinet of Vienna has accordingly taken up a firm position with respect to the Duchies of the Elbe, and declines to be frightened out of it. Its attitude has even produced an impression upon the unimpressionable Prussian Court, and M. BISMARCK's intemperate counsels are for the moment overruled. At the last moment the Prussian Monarch is said to have sounded a parley; and a proposal, if we are to believe the *Morgenpost*, has been made, and possibly accepted, to refer the dispute to the Federal Diet. Such a scheme of arbitration would be constitutional, and in strict conformity with Federal Law. The eleventh article of the Federal Act of 1815 pledges the members of the German Confederation never, "under any pretext or on any account," to recur to force for the arrangement of their differences. Such differences are to be submitted to a Committee of the Federal Diet, or, if need be, to a Tribunal of Arbitration which the Diet is empowered to appoint. Arbitration of such a kind is not, however, likely to be less illusory in the end, because it is legitimate and constitutional in its inception. In the first place, the Diet is not an impartial referee, for it is directly interested in, and has from the first been mixed up in, the dispute. In the second place, Prussia has more than once informed the Diet that she will not be bound by its decision unless its decision suits her, and that she would sooner divide the Federal tie that binds her to the rest of Germany than sacrifice what she calls her "future destinies." Under these circumstances it would be premature to hope that the Diet will be allowed to give final sentence in the vexatious affair. But if it be true that Prussia is willing to allow the Diet to play for a while at pretending to settle it, it is evident that Prussia flinches from forcing Austria to despair, and that Baron VON WERTHER's formidable ultimatum has not been, and will not be, tendered for the present.

M. BISMARCK is not perhaps much troubled by the reflection that Prussia has domestic difficulties as well as Austria. The Prussian Chamber is as resolute in maintaining its just rights, and the just rights of those whom it represents, as the Hungarian Lower House; but its attitude of determination would not hamper the Ministry to any perceptible extent during a war. M. BISMARCK's ambitious foreign policy is not really distasteful to any large section of the Prussian nation. The Opposition view it with jealousy because it takes the wind out of their sails, and distracts the public attention from the constitutional issue which is being raised in the Chamber; but

Prussian aggrandizement is an object with which the whole Prussian army, and the classes from which the army is drawn, thoroughly sympathize. M. BISMARCK's political antecedents would not render Prussian soldiers less willing to fight, or the Prussian people less delighted to admire the military exploits performed by their national flag. Outside the Prussian frontier the effect would be different. The Liberals in the rest of Germany have been insulted and offended by M. BISMARCK, and, though they have no natural inclination towards Austria, they would not lend Prussia the support which she might expect from them if she had been more prudent and less dictatorial. In the large German towns there is a compact party of philosophical Radicals, who entertain on principle the same dislike of wars, and aristocracies, and standing armies, that is professed by the Manchester school in England. They number among them a good many able writers and thinkers, and they are capable of bringing to bear on M. BISMARCK a limited kind of public opinion in a way which annoys him, and injures his influence in Germany. The result of their animadversions upon Prussia would be to prevent her from appealing to the enthusiasm of Germany, as she might do with success were she about to be involved in hostilities with France. M. BISMARCK would be weighted with this literary antagonism, and though he would mind being weighted in this way as little as any man in Europe, the dissatisfaction of German Radicals would give any great European Power that wished to interfere an opportunity of doing so with decency. In this event, the settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein dispute might not improbably fall very soon into the power of France and Russia, and M. BISMARCK is naturally anxious to wind it up independently of the Cabinets of Paris and St. Petersburg. The Prussian PREMIER is a clever man, who has done many clever things in the last few years, but he will show himself a consummate political manœuvrer if he manages to keep the command of the *inbroglio* in his own hands. He is encouraged in the delusive idea that he can permanently do so by the ostentatious nonchalance of the French EMPEROR. NAPOLEON III. knows, from his experience of the temper of Germany, that the one way in which he might lose the golden opportunity is by stretching out his arm hastily to seize it. But every month it is drifting nearer and nearer to his grasp. A German intestine struggle would wash the apple completely within his reach.

Were the French EMPEROR to revive at the present juncture the dormant idea of a European Congress, it would not meet with opposition in the same quarters as when it was last put forth. Austria's jealousy for her Venetian title-deeds may or may not be as strong as ever. But she is menaced now on the North as well as on the South. In the last six months she has received valuable assistance from NAPOLEON III. in her financial operations; and her statesmen are beginning to acknowledge that the conqueror of Villafranca entertains no covert desire for a second Italian campaign. His policy in the Peninsula has not been either anti-Catholic or revolutionary, or anti-Austrian. He certainly does not mean to permit the politicians of Vienna to regain any share in the direction of the affairs either of Italy or Rome. But he is as anxious as they are to maintain the temporal independence of the Vatican, and Austria has too much to do on the North side of the Alps to be eager to meddle unnecessarily on the South. It is from Prussia, and not from Austria, that opposition might be expected to the idea of a Congress. A general Congress, however amicably disposed, would hardly grant M. BISMARCK as much as he trusts he may manage by his independent efforts to secure. Matters are not, perhaps, yet ripe enough for NAPOLEON III. to propose an international arbitration which he is aware that M. BISMARCK would avoid. It seems singular that the Cabinet of Berlin should insist on bringing the difficulty of the Duchies to an immature head. Their conduct is explained by the sudden withdrawal of the peremptory summons which they had despatched, with a show of firmness, to Vienna. They did not intend, it seems, to commit the diplomatic folly of kindling a European conflagration, in the course of which Prussia's designs on the Duchies of the Elbe and the northern seaboard of Germany would be converted by the force of events into a European question. They only threatened because they believed that a threat would be sufficient to bring Austria to terms. The unexpected boldness of Austria took them accordingly by surprise. By promptly abating their unwise tone of menace, the advisers of the King of PRUSSIA have preserved the Continent from confusion, and have saved their own ambitious projects from certain defeat.

## THE DEBATE ON REFORM.

WHATEVER the merits of the Reform Bill may be, the debate on it has been lively and interesting, and has been signalized by some of the best speaking that has been heard by this generation in the House. The panegyrist of the Parliaments which ten-pound householders return may derive much pleasure from a comparison, if they will take the trouble to institute it, between the mode in which the present House is addressed and listens, and the tone and character both of the speeches and the audience at the time of the Reform Bill of 1832. There is much more pith and argument in our modern speeches, much more comprehension of the wider bearing of political changes, a much greater apprehension of the views of opponents, a far higher respect for the audience addressed, as capable of understanding and appreciating the best thoughts as well as the best language that the speaker has to offer them. It is true that, on the present occasion, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was not up to his usual level. His speech was skilful, for it delayed as long as possible the key to the great mystery; but nothing could prevent the sense of bathos when the mystery was revealed, and it appears that the announcement of the new franchise of 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ l., the franchise that was to work a silent revolution and to inspire all Englishmen with a renewed confidence in the justice and equity of their rulers, was actually received with much laughter. The mouse that had been brought forth was so small a one that a sense of the ludicrous overcame for a moment every other feeling. In no part of his speech did Mr. GLADSTONE stir his audience, except in his peroration, the effect of which soon faded away, as the effect of all perorations must do. It was evident that he did not believe in his own measure. He himself said openly that he thought a different measure would have been a better one. He was but the voice of the Cabinet, and a man who is only the voice of an absent host of wavering discordant politicians can never speak as great speakers speak when they utter their own thoughts, and strive to impress on others what they honestly believe. Mr. GLADSTONE does not believe in a one-barrelled 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ l. franchise Bill as he has in his time believed in the repeal of the Paper Duty and in the French Treaty. He knows that he is only conforming to the needs of a supposed party crisis, and not acting with freedom and deliberation for the benefit of the nation. He therefore spoke as a clever advocate speaks, honest to his employers, but still looking on a brief as nothing more than a brief. It was very wise in him to take the unusual course of closing such a debate without a reply, for there was nothing more to say. He had done his duty; he had undertaken to lay before the House the proposal of the Government, and he had laid it. There was nothing left except for the country to be invited to take a month to consider it, and to say how it liked it. But if Mr. GLADSTONE had been the spokesman of a measure that satisfied himself, that seemed to him worthy of himself and of his political position, that inspired him with the consciousness of serving a great cause, and that rested on arguments which he thought intellectually incontestable, we may be sure he would have had a tenderer care for the offspring that he loved, and would have finally commended it to the public with zeal and earnestness, as he would also, in his introduction of it, have displayed those higher qualities of oratory which were wanting in his speech of Monday.

The speech of Mr. LOWE was, as a piece of argument, far the best that was heard on either side of the House. But then he had selected much the easiest ground for argument when he discussed the question whether there should be any Reform Bill at all. That the present House of Commons is not bound by the opinions of its predecessors is exactly one of those plain truths which it is very easy to see when they are well pointed out. There is not the slightest reason why a public man should be ashamed of an honest change of opinion; and, if his opinion has changed, he had much better say so. That a member should be considered bound to vote for Reform when he thinks it bad, because he voted for it a few years ago when he thought it good, is an absurdity. In 1859 Mr. LOWE was of opinion that it would be a gain to the country that the electoral qualification should be lowered. Now he thinks that, instead of a gain, it would be a loss. But he does not merely offer his opinion. He states the grounds why his new opinion has been formed, and one of his arguments is a new one, and it is one with which the present Government has furnished him. The statistics collected with so much care and skill, by Mr. LAMBERT, for the information of the House, show that already every fourth voter is a working-man; and that whereas the old freemen, the worst possible specimens



of their class, are dying out, the best specimens of this class find their way to the franchise as ten-pound householders. No impartial person can deny that this is a fact very well worth considering. It is true that at present this influx of working-men into the body of electors does not produce any great result. But this is in a large degree owing to the exceedingly bad distribution of seats that now exists, and, without lowering the qualification at all, it would be possible to let the working-men have a control of one-fourth of the voting power, by disfranchising Western villages and enfranchising Northern towns. As Mr. LAING justly observed, in a calm and thoughtful speech which made a great impression on the House, the statistics show an overwhelming case for redistribution, but only a slight case for reduction of the franchise. And it must be owned that the general arguments against the reduction of the franchise are easier to put, are more definite and telling, than the arguments for it. Mr. LOWE pointed out some of the most typical virtues and vices of Parliaments elected under the present system, and inquired whether there was any probability that these virtues would be left unimpaired, and these vices not seriously increased, if a lower class were admitted in large numbers to share the franchise. That it would be more difficult to procure the services of trained statesmen, that members would be more exposed to the dictation of their constituencies, that there would be even a heavier pressure of millionaires and companies, if the constituencies were much enlarged in area and numbers, are salient probabilities against which it is difficult to set what seem to be the preponderating advantages of such vague benefits as interesting the nation more than at present in its affairs, removing the impression that the ruling class wishes to isolate itself from the ruled, and tinging the House with a livelier sympathy for the poor. Such arguments as those used by Mr. VILLIERS, derived from the fallacious prophecies of politicians who opposed the first Reform Bill, do not produce any great effect. They prove too much. They show that no one need be afraid of anything, that no Reform Bill could be too democratic, that no changes could be too violent. If it is silly to be afraid of a 7*l.* franchise now because it was silly in the Tories of 1832 to be afraid of a 10*l.* franchise, then it is just as silly to see danger in a 6*l.* franchise, while seeing safety and a balance of power and all sorts of numerical virtues in such devices as that of giving a superiority of 30,000 on the borough rolls to the middle classes, and of admitting under a 7*l.* franchise 144,000, in order possibly to correspond with the number of those sealed out of the twelve tribes of Israel. The case of the Government is that they have hit upon the figure that is the right and safe one, and it will not do to show that all figures would have been equally right and equally safe. That there are arguments by which Mr. LOWE's arguments can be met we need scarcely say, for the criticisms made on his speech of last year will in the main apply to his speech of this Session. But we confess that we find much that is weighty and solid in Mr. LOWE's arguments, and are satisfied that there is no more than a balance of reasoning against them. Lord CRANBORNE justly remarked that far too much is habitually made of the argument from a possible revolution with which Mr. BRIGHT once more threatened us all, if the Bill were not passed. If it is right and wise to admit a large number of the working-men to the franchise, and if we think there are reasonable grounds for supposing that, as a body, they will make a fairly good use of the privilege, let us admit them; but to admit them when we think they will do harm, because, if we do not, they may one day break our heads, is contemptible.

But although the argumentative part of the debate was good, the personal, abusive, and epigrammatic part was much better. The speeches of Mr. LOWE and Mr. HORSMAN, and especially of the former, abounded with clever things. Mr. LOWE's use of his VIRGIL was neat and happy in the extreme, while we must own that we envy the quickness and scholarship of the vast audience which is supposed to have seen on the spot all the neatness and all the happiness of the use of the word "quater," as bearing upon the abortive efforts of Lord RUSSELL's later career. It really was quite kind of VIRGIL to have written so aptly, and to have provided Mr. LOWE with two lines so appropriate as those beginning "In-stamus tamen immemores." But far the best speech in this line was that of Mr. BRIGHT, which may be counted among the most successful specimens of playful abuse of opponents that have ever been addressed to Parliament. Mr. LOWE and Mr. HORSMAN had challenged him, and had tried to get the laugh of the House against him. That he should in reply justify himself, and make a serious and vehement appeal in favour of the Bill, might have been expected. But

it could scarcely have been expected that even so consummate and masterly a speaker could, with ease and perfect confidence of success, abandon this higher ground of oratory, and descend into the arena of personalities, in order to cover two intellectual gladiators with a playful ridicule. Every hit was admirable, not because it was forcible or convincing, but because it was so extremely witty, novel, and captivating. The suggestion that Mr. HORSMAN had entered into a political Cave of Adullam, whither he invited every one that was distressed and every one that was discontented; the discovery that Mr. LOWE and Mr. HORSMAN had resolved to make a party of two; the comparison of them to a hairy terrier, as to which no one can say which is the head and which is the tail; the disposal of Mr. LOWE's and Mr. MANSIE's Australian parallels by the remark that they seemed to take a Botany Bay view of their countrymen; and the picture of Mr. LOWE taking, like a polypus on a rock, his colour from the hundred and seventy villagers and seven working-men of Calne, were flights of Parliamentary humour that have seldom been surpassed. The accusation against Mr. LOWE, that he had changed his opinions, that he forgot out of office what in office he had advocated, and that Mr. LOWE was still casting a longing lingering look at the office the warm precincts of which he had been obliged to quit, would have been as unjust as it was in part notoriously untrue, had it not been a retort to a similar charge against Mr. BRIGHT himself, in which Mr. HORSMAN tried to affix the worst possible sense to expressions which Mr. BRIGHT had used long before in addressing one of the gatherings of his admirers. Even, however, in this contest of personalities, Mr. LOWE and Mr. BRIGHT found occasion to be civil to each other. Mr. LOWE declared that he should be happy at any time to walk ten miles to hear Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. BRIGHT thanked the Marquis of LANSDOWNE for sending to Parliament an intellectual gladiator. There was really no more bitterness in the debate on the Bill than there seems likely to be in its reception by the country; and just as we may guess that a man who thinks a 7*l.* franchise the solution of all difficulties may still feel a kindly indulgence for a friend who thinks it would do more harm than good, so we may hope that Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. LOWE, in the midst of their interchange of abuse, have a respect and esteem for each other.

#### THE JAMAICA BILL.

IN passing the Bill for abolishing the Constitution of Jamaica, the House of Lords wisely abstained from all reference to the circumstances which have rendered the measure necessary. Lord RUSSELL, finding it requisite to say something in favour even of an unopposed Bill, quoted the returns of the produce of sugar in the different West Indian colonies in 1864, and in the year immediately preceding Emancipation. Trinidad and Barbadoes have largely increased their supply, while Antigua remains nearly at the former level. In Jamaica alone the yield of the plantations has, after thirty years of negro freedom, diminished by two-thirds. Lord RUSSELL seemed to attribute the decline of the colony to the unwise lessons which the emancipated slaves had learned from their religious teachers. It is not difficult in any country to persuade working-men that wages are lowered at the will of the employer, and that they may be raised by law. The artisans of the Reform League have lately preached a similar doctrine in England, and the Jamaica missionaries found willing audience when they advised their disciples to abstain from working except on terms which the sugar-growers were unwilling to give. In some countries, short and sharp experience corrects economical errors. When work for wages and starvation are the only alternatives, the market easily and certainly regulates itself. But the climate and soil of Jamaica made it easy to abstain from painful and profitable toil. The negroes worked rarely or irregularly on the plantations, and attempts to introduce a wholesome competition of immigrant labourers were for many years thwarted by the philanthropists. The former slave-owners endeavoured, in the earlier years of emancipation, to exercise powers over the labouring population which were justly considered, in Downing Street and in the House of Commons, to be incompatible with the rights of the negro. Baffled by Imperial legislation, the colonists abolished the intermediate system of apprenticeship; and no judicious effort was ever made to reconcile the interests and pretensions of the two races which occupied the island. The ruin of property and industry would of itself furnish a sufficient reason for an entire change in the government and legislation of the colony. Even if there had been no political dissatisfaction, it was impossible to be contented while Jamaica was relapsing into a desert.

The speakers who followed Lord RUSSELL were disposed to censure the Assembly rather than the Baptist ministers and their pupils. Lord TAUNTON had, as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, introduced into the House of Commons, in 1839, a Bill for suspending the Constitution, and for vesting dictatorial power in the Crown. The colonists were violently opposed to the measure, and they were supported by Sir ROBERT PEEL. The Colonial Office of the day was, with more or less justice, suspected of inclining to the cause of the negroes, and of according too little consideration to the difficulties of the planters. It is certain, from subsequent experience, that the Government was in the right, and even at the time the arguments in favour of the Bill were conclusive to those who took the trouble to examine the question; yet it is not surprising that the popular objection to the suspension of representative government prevailed in a House of Commons which was almost equally divided. The Government showed the earnestness of its convictions by resigning, although it afterwards resumed office on what was then known as the Bedchamber question. It was natural that Lord TAUNTON should remind the House of Lords that his party and himself had been in the right, though a retrospective examination of the political disputes of seven-and-twenty years ago is but moderately interesting. A more serious object of his speech was to protest against the belief that the negro is incapable of voluntary labour, or of beneficial association with the European race. If Barbadoes is left out of consideration on account of the narrow surface of the island, which makes the poorer classes depend exclusively on wages, Trinidad, and perhaps Guiana, prove that production is not impossible in the absence of compulsory labour. The occupation of a sugar-planter is far less profitable than ordinary employments, in proportion to the gross return of produce; but if a considerable quantity of sugar is made by negroes, no further proof is required that negroes can be induced to work. In Jamaica a difficult and doubtful experiment has been tried under the most unfavourable of all possible conditions. Lord TAUNTON is justified in censuring the exaggerated dogmatism with which the possible and future capacities of the negro race are often dismissed. It is impossible to know whether wise legislation might have made the black population of Jamaica industrious and intelligent workmen; but it is certain that, under the rule of the local Assembly, they had no reasonable chance of forming part of a prosperous and naturally organized society.

Lord GREY also seized the occasion of justifying his former prescience, and vindicating his almost forgotten administration of the Colonies. In everything that he had said in the discussions of former days he claimed to have been in the right, and he administered a parting blow to the contumacious Assembly which had so often rejected his advice and defied his authority. As Lord GREY justly observed, the only wise Act which the Assembly had ever passed was that which effected its political suicide. Corrupt and disorderly in its life, it had at least the sagacity to perceive that the time was come for disappearing from the colonial stage. Lord GREY's solitary compliment to the self-denial of the Assembly was qualified by an explanation which perhaps accounts for unwonted modesty and pliability. The panic which was caused by the Morant Bay disturbance would probably have passed over, but the members of the Assembly were aware that their constituencies were crumbling from under them, and that the powers which they had exercised so long and so ill might soon pass into still unworthier and less competent hands. The electoral body formed but a small part of the white population, and there were few negro voters; but the franchise was extremely low, and under the guidance of ambitious leaders the blacks might, with little difficulty, have elected hereafter an Assembly of their own. Lord GREY's dislike to the dominant race was not strong enough to reconcile him to the prospect of a black colonial Parliament. A democracy would, in Jamaica, be incomparably worse than an oligarchy, and therefore it is necessary to rely for an indefinite time on the simple machinery of absolute government.

A younger generation will scarcely share Lord GREY's interest in the revived controversy whether Jamaica proprietors were ruined by their own fault or in consequence of English legislation. The truth is, that in their days of highest prosperity they occupied an unsafe position. The profits of a negro estate were fabulously large as long as there was free trade in compulsory labour and absolute monopoly of the English markets. The products of the West Indies were unnaturally dear, and the advantages of the system accrued to the planters. But the abolition by suc-

cessive measures of the slave trade, of slavery, of protection against foreigners, and of protection against slave labour, struck away, one after another, the props on which the wealth of the producers had rested. The last contest, and one of the severest, was decided in 1846, when Parliament determined to admit all sugar into competition without inquiring into the nature of the system under which it had been grown. The evidence collected at the time seemed to prove that free labour might compete with simple slavery, but scarcely with slavery backed by the slave trade. The balance was in some degree redressed by the importation into some of the colonies of Eastern labourers; and the great prosperity of Mauritius is entirely owing to its comparative neighbourhood to India, and to the consequent facility for Coolie immigration. The Jamaica planters might have met their difficulties with greater vigour and prudence; but Lord GREY is somewhat hard on a ruined class when he asserts that their misfortunes are entirely attributable to themselves. It is not impossible that they may derive some advantage from the probable emancipation of the slaves in Cuba, and from the actual or imminent suppression of the slave trade. Whatever may be the merits of free labour, no body of planters has hitherto adopted the system except on compulsion. If the importation of negroes from Africa is effectually prevented, the number of slaves in Cuba must for some years rapidly decline, because there is at present a large preponderance of men over women. Actual emancipation, which must almost necessarily follow the great social revolution on the adjacent mainland, will produce at least a temporary disorganization of the industry of Cuba; and the partial interruption of so considerable a source of supply must necessarily raise the price of sugar, to the benefit of rival producers. It may be hoped that the new Government of Jamaica will succeed in devising measures which may induce the negroes to work. There is always hope for a country which has hitherto been governed as badly as possible.

#### KEEPING UP THE ARMY.

THE prospect of continued peace hardly suffices to remove all anxiety respecting the future constitution of our army. This anxiety is felt, not only because all hopes, and among these the hopes of international tranquillity, are liable to disappointment, and we may find ourselves exposed to the dangers of a sudden war without adequate preparation, but because a sense of humiliation is experienced at our inability to maintain a standing force equal to our requirements. We are now beginning to taste the first fruits of the Ten Years' Enlistment Act. This itself was a scheme for making the army popular, and recruiting its ranks; but, instead of filling, it is draining them. Soldiers who have cost us for pay, clothing, and rations 500*l.* a piece, while for transport, hospitals, barracks, and other things they have cost us 500*l.* more, now leave a service which is not ungenerous, for callings which they find more remunerative. The consequence is that every sort of plan is devised by theorists for retaining them or replacing them. Some of these plans are sensible enough, but they involve large expenditure. Others, to which less exception can be taken on the score of expense, involve so great a departure from all past practice and tradition that they are hardly entitled to commendation for their good sense.

Perhaps it may not be an unimportant suggestion that the present demand for ex-soldiers in civil employments is partly factitious, and that, where it is real, it is not certain to be permanent. At least, while we see old soldiers with medals and decorations sweeping the crossings or begging at the corners of streets, it is not an unreasonable inference that the labour-market is not starving for want of their services. And even if it be true that the great majority of discharged soldiers find at once work and wages with facility, past experience demonstrates that an uninterrupted demand for labour at high wages is unknown. On the other hand, it is likely enough that, even if not of continuous succession, seasons like those of the two last years will recur, and it seems doubtful whether the standard of wages will fall back to its former level. Nor should it be forgotten that we are now witnessing the legitimate consequences of another great movement. Emigration begets emigration. The large number of British subjects who left this country between 1846 and 1866 are yearly inviting their friends and relations to follow them. This will make any interruption of high wages comparatively unimportant, except for brief occasional intervals. So that, on the whole, we may reckon on a yearly withdrawal of soldiers from the army, without a corresponding and compensatory



replacement. This is a very serious question; it is removed entirely from the sphere of party conflict, and concerns the interests and the honour of the whole nation. Its gravity is further enhanced by the reflection that one fruitful field of enlistment has already become worse than barren. Ireland, which used to give us nearly half of our soldiers, now furnishes comparatively few, and occasionally gives us Fenian missionaries in the guise of recruits.

Among the many remedies proposed for a state of things which is partly ludicrous and partly distressing, is the more general promotion of private soldiers to the rank of officers. It must, we suppose, be assumed that this bestowal of commissions would entice a better class of men into the ranks. For, on any other supposition, the scheme is useless. Under the present system, we believe that there are very few infantry regiments which do not contain at least one—and often more than one—commissioned officer who has risen from the ranks. In some cases these men are the sons of old officers who are too poor to buy commissions for their sons, but who have a certain degree of military influence which co-operates with their own good conduct to secure promotion for them. Others come from a class not otherwise than poor, but above the rank of the labourer and mechanic, and have enlisted, some under the influence of disappointment or excitement, some under the pressure of destitution, others through a sheer love of travel and adventure. This class of men, possessing as it does both intelligence and education, generally supplies non-commissioned officers, of whom some ultimately arrive at commissions. It may be questioned whether this kind of reward is always satisfactory to the recipient or beneficial to the service. The recipient finds himself suddenly elevated above his former associates and associations, mixing with men whom he has habitually regarded as his superiors, and taking part in forms and ceremonies which heretofore he has only viewed at a respectful distance. He naturally feels shy, awkward, and distrustful of himself. Nor is his exaltation regarded with pleasure by the private soldier. This feeling is neither amiable nor creditable, but it exists very generally. The English soldier has always been accustomed to be commanded by gentlemen; he likes to be commanded by gentlemen; he is half jealous of the promotion of a former ranksman, and wholly suspicious of his familiarity with the tricks and evasions of the private soldier. On the whole, the promoted soldier is not at his ease. Added to his other discomforts is the increased rate of his expenditure; for whereas he could save money as a non-commissioned officer, he can barely subsist on the pay of an ensign. To exist at all, he must deny himself many enjoyments which to his brother officers are necessities of life, and submit to an amount of self-denial and parsimony which makes his promotion irksome and galling in the extreme. Ultimately he takes refuge in a colonial corps, where the mess expenses are not heavy, and where his knowledge of drill is of the highest use. But even this transfer, followed by promotion, is hardly calculated to throw a halo on the military adventurer's life. EARL GREY was so sensible of the drawbacks of the system that he proposed to raise the more deserving non-commissioned officers to the rank of captain *uno saltu*. The only disadvantage which this would have obviated is the cost of living. The pay which is insufficient for a poor ensign is just enough for a very economical captain. But the other objections to the plan are infinite. The most obvious is, that it would reduce the number of promotions so much as to take away all stimulus to ambition. A certain amount of ambition is inspired by the spectacle of one non-commissioned officer in every regiment getting a commission every three years. But what effect could possibly be produced by seeing a serjeant-major exalted into a captain once in twenty years?

We doubt much whether there is the same popular prejudice against military service that existed twenty years ago. Within that time much has been done for the soldier. He is better cared for and better looked after, less frequently punished, and never capriciously punished. All this is known, if not in remote villages, at least in the great centres of population. The soldier has many advantages over the average farm labourer, and the weaver, and the lower class of mechanics. He is always sure of his daily breakfast and his daily dinner, and, in case of sickness, of his hospital and his doctor. All this is known to the classes from which recruits come. It is not a vague prejudice against soldiering which prevents their enlisting, so much as a reluctance to barter freedom for an insufficient consideration. There is in the English peasant an innate love of freedom and self-disposal, which only very strong inducements can surmount. In days when employment was scant and wages low, men thought they had

not made a bad bargain when they gave twenty years of their lives to the Government for shelter, clothing, food, and one shilling a day. But when the species and the rewards of employment are infinitely increased, the case is different. A man nowadays thinks twice before he sells his liberty for ten years on the same terms as formerly.

It is, we believe, a question mainly of money. This may not be a very lofty view of it, but we feel assured it is the true one. Some persons talk of attracting the middle ranks into the army by the lure of promotion. They figure to themselves the whole English army composed of the same material as the Volunteers. The contrast between the two is sufficient to indicate the inapplicability of a common rule for both. It may be picturesque to imagine a regiment of the line composed of the same materials as the "Devil's Own" or the London Scottish; but no one cares to show by what principle of selection the same homogeneous character which distinguishes separate Volunteer corps could be stamped on each regiment of the line. And probably no one has thought of the liberal vote which would be required to seduce young lawyers and merchants from their offices and chambers into the ranks of the army. Certainly, we should be curious to see those representatives of the City and the Temple whom the mere prospect of a future commission could induce to go as private soldiers, for five or six years, to the tropics and Australia. Nothing short of a conscription could do it; and we question whether the most ardent of military reformers are yet prepared to advocate the introduction of the conscription into England. In the absence of this, the only alternative allurements is money. Make it worth while for a better class of men to enlist, and a better class will enlist. Make it worth while for the old ten-year soldier to remain in the army, and he will remain. But to make it worth while will require more money, perhaps, than the House of Commons will be disposed to give, certainly more than the present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will be disposed to ask. But money will be the lure; it is so even in countries where the conscription is in force. It is by the payments made by conscripts who procure substitutes that the French Empire has been enabled to give bounties to the soldiers who re-enlist, and pensions to those who have served a definite period. It is this system of repeated re-enlistments which is creating a military caste in France. We do not cite this as an example to be followed by us. But we are not without apprehension that in Mr. BRIGHT's millennial era, when the government of the British Empire has been handed over bodily to the borough householders, any deficiency of armed forces for the liberation of Poland or any other pet crusade of the operatives will be made good by a conscription levied on taxed and unrepresented opulence; unless, in the meantime, the Government has learned how to recruit the army with the most vigorous blood in the country, and to retain its best soldiers far beyond the present period of their service.

#### AMERICA.

IF prophets of evil derive any pleasure from the accomplishment of gloomy forebodings, the present state of American politics may afford them a prospect of satisfaction. Soon after the termination of the war, it seemed as if the South was eager to resume its allegiance, while the conquerors only desired to efface as rapidly as possible all traces of the struggle; and the accident through which the Republican party had elected a Democratic PRESIDENT appeared to furnish unexpected facilities for completing the reconciliation. It was not for foreigners to decide whether a reconstruction effected without the aid of Congress was a usurpation or a legitimate exercise of the PRESIDENT's prerogative. The rupture which has since taken place between the Legislature and the Executive has revived the belief that the end of the war was only the beginning of political difficulty. While careless and hasty partisans applaud every act which suits their prejudices, graver inquirers decline to accept as conclusive the speeches and votes of excited public meetings. In his strange address to a street assemblage at Washington, the PRESIDENT has proved that he can still, as in former times, be vulgar, violent, and unjust. Since the days when the sycophants of ROBESPIERRE used, in the midst of his murders, to offer to pledge him on some fit occasion in hemlock juice, there have been few more foolish proposals than Mr. JOHNSON's declaration of readiness to die on the altar of his country. It is true that bad taste, especially in America, excludes neither sagacity or patriotism. The project of restoring the Union is more feasible than the ultra-Republican policy of governing the conquered States, at first by military force, and afterwards

by a political garrison of negroes; but it is not yet certain that the PRESIDENT is far in advance of his Radical opponents. He is believed strongly to resent the exclusion from Congress of the Representatives of his own State of Tennessee; but the community for which he demands admission to a share in the government of the Union is itself only a privileged minority. Mr. JOHNSON himself, as military Governor of the State, enfranchised the slaves without colour of law, and organized a Government which was repudiated by two-thirds of the citizens. His usurpation was so flagrant that the last Congress rejected the votes of the State for Presidential electors, as it also consistently refused to acknowledge the sham Legislature which Mr. BANKS had established in Louisiana. In both States, in Missouri, and perhaps in some other parts of the South, the real or pretended friends of the Union have disfranchised the overwhelming majority of their fellow-citizens. The idolators of universal suffrage offer no objection to political tests which are framed for the express purpose of exclusion; and the PRESIDENT himself, though he has allowed the elections in some of the States to be conducted fairly, is primarily responsible for the anomalous condition of Tennessee. Against his opponents in Congress he urges, with irresistible force, the injustice of taxing States which are not allowed to send representatives to Congress; but it is more scandalously oppressive to confine the franchise to a small and unpopular faction.

By an Act of Congress, which, like much recent legislation, is directly opposed to the spirit of the Constitution, every member of either House must swear, before he is admitted to his seat, that he has not at any time given aid or comfort to the rebellion. It follows that Southern citizens are precluded from electing Senators or Representatives who shared in the glorious efforts, and in the all but unanimous convictions, of their several States. The supporters of the PRESIDENT's policy at the great New York meeting assumed, in all their arguments, that the issue was only between the admission and the exclusion of loyal members; and if they were right in their interpretation of Mr. JOHNSON's views, the difference between the contending parties is scarcely worth a struggle. A resident of South Carolina who had never aided the rebellion must either have been an utterly insignificant person or a traitor to his State; and in either case it is unlikely that he would be selected to expound in Congress the wishes of his fellow-citizens. The majority might have attained their object by more plausible methods if they had insisted on the test-oath, instead of rejecting all the Southern claims in the mass. The PRESIDENT himself has probably, except in the case of Tennessee, not made up his mind on the vital question whether Southern elections are to be free. As the controversy proceeds, he will perhaps be compelled to rely more largely on Southern support, and to distinguish his own benevolent and equitable conduct from the injustice of the extreme Republicans. He has not, however, yet revoked, except in individual cases, the proscription which he published, soon after his accession to office, under the title of an amnesty; and although peace has been restored for nearly a year, the fact has not yet been legally certified by the PRESIDENT's proclamation. The extraordinary license which American opinion allows to public functionaries forms a singular contrast with the vigilant jealousy of usurpation which Englishmen regard as the first security for freedom.

The ominous menaces which Mr. JOHNSON uttered, at the Washington meeting, against the Confederate prisoners are calculated to chill or suspend the sympathy which has been earned by his exhibition of some statesmanlike qualities. It had been supposed that the trial of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS had been intentionally postponed for the purpose of allowing angry passions to subside. It is impossible to devise any pretext for exacting personal vengeance from the chief functionary of the fallen Government, while his civil and military associates enjoy practical impunity and freedom. Treason, which can only be committed by levying war against the United States, may easily be proved against Mr. DAVIS, if the Supreme Court first decides that secession was illegal; but the proof would be still easier in the case of General LEE, who was lately the object of universal curiosity during a visit to Washington. Mr. ALEXANDER STEPHENS, Vice-President of the Confederacy, has declined the office of Governor of Georgia, and a speech in which he recommends a loyal submission to the Federal Government has been published with approval by the Northern papers. It is of evil omen when hostile factions taunt one another with unwillingness to commit a crime. If the PRESIDENT should think fit to earn popular applause by putting Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS to death, the SUMNERS, the STEVENSES, and the moderate Republicans would

contend for a share in the merit of the deed. In the meanwhile, it is impossible to ascertain the opinion of the people on the expediency of judicial revenge, or on any great political question; for the PRESIDENT cannot dissolve the Congress, nor is there any process by which he can be forced to resign. The interpreters of public opinion invariably fancy that their own impressions are shared by the great majority, and it is not improbable that the PRESIDENT is now supported by the stronger party; but the State elections of last August showed that at that time the Republican supremacy had not been in the smallest degree impaired. For two years universal suffrage is absolutely powerless.

It is impossible to form a satisfactory judgment of the policy of the PRESIDENT or his adversaries, in the absence of information as to the actual condition of the South. The liberated slaves have, according to European notions, no sacred right either to vote or to share the property of their former masters; but if it is true that they are the victims of oppression, the Federal Government, which has brought them into their present state, is bound to interfere for their protection. The Freedmen's Bureau exercises, as the PRESIDENT luminously showed in his Veto Message, a despotic and unconstitutional authority; but it is not absolutely certain that the legal rights of Southern Americans are compatible with the moral rights of the negroes. When the stronger of two hostile sections of a nation insists, at the point of the sword, on the Jacobin alternative of "Fraternity or Death," the submission which it may succeed in extorting is sometimes not found equivalent to brotherly relations. For four years the Southern States preferred death, or the chance of death, to fraternity with the North. They now find that their acquiescence in defeat is not followed by a resumption of political equality. There is some truth in the PRESIDENT's allegation, that since the war, as well as before it, the Abolitionists have preferred the interests of the negroes to the safety of the Union; and his denunciation of their constant attempts to tinker the Constitution would be conclusive if it were certain that, under unforeseen circumstances, the old instrument wanted no patching. Nothing is more unconstitutional than the interference of the Federal Government in the affairs of the States; but conquerors are naturally unwilling to abstain from exacting security for the conditions which they have imposed. The PRESIDENT wishes to recur to the state of things before the war, subject to the final abandonment of the supposed right of secession. His experiment is perhaps, in a choice of difficulties, the most judicious course, but time must show whether the causes of the war have been eliminated by its result. Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STEVENS would practically abolish the Union, or would postpone its restoration for an indefinite interval. If their designs are baffled for the present, their party will, as in former times, assume the patronage of the negroes, and it will consequently produce constant irritation in the minds of all Southern Americans. The bird of freedom which still performs its accustomed evolutions in the oratory of both the contending factions is likely for some time to soar with one disabled wing.

#### FINANCING.

AT the commencement of the year a very uneasy feeling, fomented as usual by the *Times* into something approaching panic, existed in the Money Market. The Bank rate was high, the export trade was unprecedentedly large, and there were in existence more than enough of speculative and bubble Companies, the products of the last two years. Our own opinion at the time was, that the engagements of British capital were not in themselves sufficient to justify alarm, and that the only real danger then apparent was that of an American crisis, followed, as it was certain to be, by corresponding difficulties on our side, aggravated by the large extent to which we were committed in that particular trade. The course of the market since we last passed it under review has been upon the whole reassuring. The Bank has been able to reduce the rate of discount, and is likely soon to concede still easier terms. The dreaded American crisis has not yet come, nor even shown any signs of immediate approach, though we cannot say that this danger is not still hanging over our heads. No one knows at present what the future financial policy of the United States will be, but if Mr. McCULLOCH succeeds, as he ought to do, in his scheme of restoring the currency to par, a very severe pressure will be felt by the American merchants, who, up to the latest accounts, have been importing on a scale more and more in excess of the ordinary commerce of the country before the Civil War commenced. If, on the other hand, the SECRETARY



of the TREASURY fails to carry his measure, the crisis may be deferred, but will as certainly be intensified when it comes, as come it must. Caution is, therefore, more than ever called for in the American trade. So far as the resources of this country are concerned, there is no reason to suppose that they are at this moment otherwise overstrained or endangered. The extremely low price maintained by Consols is no doubt evidence of an eager demand for money for commercial purposes; but until legitimate limits are exceeded this is not by any means an exclusively adverse symptom. It is quite as desirable that all our capital should be advantageously employed as that our liabilities should not exceed the means at our command. No one, however, would wish to see the present stimulus to trade carried beyond the point which is indicated by the last Board of Trade returns.

The only indication of anything like unsoundness at present is furnished by the operations of recently created Companies. The Act of 1862, which gave absolute freedom to any seven projectors to create a Company with the privileges and immunities of a Corporation, was, we believe, a highly beneficial measure; but people have unquestionably indulged in the new luxury to excess, and the reaction is beginning to be severely felt. Two or three special manias have successively infected the Company market. There was the hotel mania, which threatened at one time to supply every village with a building on the scale of the Grand Hotel of Paris, under the superintendence of a Board composed, in great part, of peers of the realm. This gorgeous infatuation subsided, and was followed by a rush into banking business. It occurred to a great many people at the same time that no occupation could be more pleasant or profitable than that of investing other people's money, which is the legitimate trade of a bank or discount house. But very few of the enthusiastic subscribers for shares were sufficiently mindful of the fact that a heavy drain for promotion-money, for the purchase of a Board of Directors (now a regular article of commerce), and for the annual remuneration of the same Directors and their officials, might sap the foundations of a very promising scheme, and that a business large enough to bear so severe a drag upon it could not be got up in a year without buying it on terms as exorbitant as those paid for the co-operation of influential Directors. The enormous sum of 500,000*l.* was, in one well-known instance, given by a Company for the good-will (without any assets) of an established discount house. It would take many years' profits to recover such an outlay as this; but the shares, nevertheless, came out at a high premium, which has, however, since dwindled to very moderate proportions. After the banking furore came a still more energetic movement in favour of a class of Companies of the most dangerous character, founded on the model of the *Crédit Mobilier* of France. It had been observed for some years that astute speculators who had engaged in the trade of promoting new Companies, and doing every kind of risky financial work, had realized enormous profits, though it was not so carefully noted that many who had entered in the same race had come to grief. The idea was promptly taken up that what one man might do with his fifty or a hundred thousand pounds, or, indeed, in many cases, without any original capital at all, might be much more effectively and profitably done by a Company with a capital of two or three millions. The drawback that operations savouring often of rigging the market required secrecy, and practically placed the Company indulging in them at the absolute mercy of its manager, was not perhaps sufficiently considered; and certainly the trade of "financing," as the new phrase is, has been wonderfully developed both in private hands and by share-jobbing Companies to an extent which is quite a novel and rather an alarming feature on the English market. In a time of doubt like that which has passed since the 1st of January, it is not wonderful that some of these Companies have collapsed, and all have sunk wofully in public estimation, if the market value of their shares is to be taken as a test. To take a few of the larger concerns as specimens, we find Overend, Gurney & Co. dropping from 21*l.* 10*s.* to 17*l.*; the International Financial from 6*l.* to 5*l.*; the London Financial Association from 19*l.* 10*s.*, or 4*l.* 10*s.* premium, to 10*l.* or 5*l.* discount; the General Credit from 6*l.* 5*s.* to 4*l.* 5*s.*; the Imperial Mercantile from 7*l.* 10*s.* to 5*l.* 10*s.*, and the same fall of from 20 to 50 per cent. may be traced in the shares of almost all the Financial and Discount Companies. That this should have occurred after declarations of profits to the amount, in some cases, of 30 or 40 per cent., is evidence that the public are beginning to remember again, for the five hun-

dredth time, that immense profits (real or imaginary) generally mean excessive risks.

The collapse of the Joint Stock Discount Company, Limited, was only a natural consequence of the system on which these modern Companies have been got up. The Company started by purchasing for, we believe, 25,000*l.*, the goodwill of a business supposed, and perhaps rightly supposed, to be sound and flourishing. The proprietor was, according to the usual custom, retained as manager, at a very handsome salary, and a capital of 2,000,000*l.* promised to supply resources sufficient to tide over all possible accidents. One-fifth of this was all that was called up at first, but the enormous profits announced by some of the Financial Companies tempted the Directors to abandon the safe business of discounting ordinary commercial bills, and to take to financing proper; in other words, to investing in all sorts of hazardous bargains with inchoate Companies and expiring contractors. The inevitable result was that the original 400,000*l.* was soon either locked up or altogether lost, and further calls had to be made. A second 400,000*l.* was not enough to fill the void, and the Company has joined its numberless brethren in the Court of Chancery, and a bonus of 1*l.* or 2*l.* a share is now necessary to induce any one to accept a transfer. The extent of the liabilities is not yet known, but rumour speaks of heavy debts to other financial or discount establishments for accommodation which has failed to avert the final catastrophe.

We cannot regard it as a great misfortune that this failure has reduced the enthusiasm of the public for the form of gambling known as financing, and has brought down the market price of the shares of a very pernicious class of Companies. Whatever may be the deficiencies of the London market, a lack of speculative enterprise is not among them, and regularly organized institutions for placing the shares of projected Companies, in return for enormous bonuses, might be dispensed with, to the great benefit of the public at large. On a recent winding-up petition, Lord ROMILLY took occasion to comment in strong terms upon the practice of purchasing the names of Directors, and issuing shares at a discount to Financial Companies. In that case 100,000*l.* of shares had been taken by a Finance Company, on which 20,000*l.* was credited as paid, the actual payment having been no more than 10,000*l.*; and even out of this last sum 2,000*l.* was paid to another Financial Company as a bonus for having introduced the new Company to Finance Company No. 1. While this is the way in which Associations are got up, it is not wonderful that their term of life is often short; and indeed so short has it been in many instances, that in the course of perhaps a couple of years the original Company has collapsed, made over its business to a second Company, and that again to a third. With such agencies at work for the encouragement of speculation, it is impossible to look forward without apprehension to the possible magnitude of the next commercial panic. Fortunately, at present, the alarm occasioned by the increase of our foreign trade has proved to be groundless; nor is there any reason to doubt that the transactions of ordinary commerce are sound, as well as extensive. But there is always a possibility of monetary disturbance from external causes, and the existence of a score of Companies whose whole business is to float and patch up other reckless undertakings does not tend to put the country into a state of preparation for the commercial storms which, according to all experience, periodically sweep over the whole civilized world. The break-up of the Joint Stock Discount Company, Limited, diminishes by one the number of these mischievous associations; and we should be sorry to see any addition made to the list of those which remain.

#### CASUISTRY.

POPULAR language is full of instances of injustice done in a rapid off-hand way to the conscientious, virtuous, and even noble efforts of the past. Philosophical systems the logical position of which is still impregnable are despatched, not by the "grin" with which a coxcomb vanquishes Berkeley, but by the bare mention of their names, which, in the course of time, have positively come to be considered a sort of social reproach. Idealism, scepticism, stoicism, epicureanism, materialism, eclecticism, all have suffered the same fate. Ignorance, which is always ready to throw a stone at learning, has only to pick up and fling at her in each case the title by which she is called. The political prisoners executed in the bloody days of the French Revolution were not put to death more summarily. The roll is called; the public beats its drum; and the idealist or sceptic or eclectic is at once marched off, without the form of judicial inquiry, and without the least notion, on the part of his executioners, what crimes he has committed. Casuistry is a sort of female science, neither so hardy nor so robust

as more masculine philosophical systems, but its weakness meets with neither sympathy nor mercy. All the harm it has done is remembered vaguely, and the memory of its misdeeds is bound up for ever in idea with its name; but people forget that casuistry was once neither a contemptible nor a useless study. The modern form and the modern appellation date back only to an early period in the Christian era; but the thing is as old as all serious thought, and may be called, without any exaggeration, the early nurse, not indeed of metaphysics, but certainly of moral philosophy itself. It may be defined roughly as a quasi-science which attempts to reconcile the rival claims of conflicting duties; and in times when political philosophy was in its infancy, and conflicting duties were far commoner than now, casuistry rose by a sort of necessity into existence, its mission being to help men to steer safely and warily through dangerous and rocky seas. The history of the growth of law and of morality shows how easily practical problems must every moment have sprung up which were by no means easy of solution. Ancient codes of laws are hard, primitive, and unyielding. They make little allowance for exceptional cases; they take little cognizance of the change and growth either of public sentiment or of public manners; legislation at such epochs in the history of mankind endeavours to anticipate and direct the progress of each new generation, instead of moving side by side with and accommodating itself to it. The legislator was in theory a wise man who impressed an iron code of his own framing upon the future. His objects were limited, intolerant, and not always clear. They often resolved themselves into a supreme anxiety to preserve intact the political framework of the commonwealth, and to crush unhesitatingly every sort of independent action that might threaten in the end to interfere with the established theory of the position of a citizen. If any other code—such, for example, as the code of domestic obligation, or of individual morality—formed itself independently outside or inside the political code, the State did not feel inclined to relax its authority, or to admit of the possibility of exceptional cases in which the general rule would work injustice. At such times as these, morality, domesticity, private sentiment, and free thought exist on sufferance, under a sort of martial law. If lawgivers had been recognised to be infallible, as they were often said to be divinely inspired, people might have bowed patiently to the yoke. But the inequalities of law, and the contradictions laid bare by a comparative study of the different laws of neighbouring States, limited in area, but all equally positive in their enactments, soon taught the citizen that there might be more things in heaven and on earth than were dreamt of in the legislation of his own country. The growth of liberal notions of government and of freedom of political discussion fostered this opinion. He saw men engaged in maintaining with vigour, or even fury, opposite political principles; and when the process of cooking laws came to be exhibited in public, respect for the wisdom of the cooks necessarily began to dwindle. When powerful individual feelings of right and wrong came into collision with laws so debated and so cooked, it no longer seemed so clear whether the private sentiment or the public commandment ought to prevail.

The earliest form in which casuistical thought showed itself in ancient civilization consisted probably in the train of painful dilemmas in which men found themselves involved who endeavoured to reconcile the vicissitudes of life and destiny with their own ideas of justice and of injustice. To take a familiar instance, it is evident that the Book of Job contains in it the seeds of casuistical thought. The hero of the narrative at first cannot be convinced that the Maker of the world can only do right. In the event, it is true that the action of Providence is justified even by the standard of the sufferer's individual moral sense; but the discussion and the doubt show that the justification was, *prima facie*, considered to be necessary. When we turn to the next best known literature of the early world, we find nearly a similar problem working itself out into a different and a less satisfactory solution. Greek tragedy begins with the thought that the gods are hard, that fate is inexorable, and that the righteous as well as the unrighteous are the victims of its rigid and blind decrees. How is it to be with the man or hero who obeys natural justice and natural philanthropy in the teeth of the will of Destiny and Heaven? That he must be a victim of his lot is the teaching of the story of Prometheus; but the artist who paints the martyrdom of Prometheus is distracted himself, and distracts his audience, with all the perplexing ideas suggested by the spectacle. How, again, is it to be with the man who obeys one divine law, and in so doing necessarily breaks another? That he, too, must suffer is the moral of the drama of the *Eumenides*. What of the man who has offended the gods unwittingly or innocently? or of the man who is too prosperous, or too happy, or too proud? All of them must pay the penalty of their innocent offences. Such is the ultimate conclusion of the early Greek drama, but, though this is the final sentence, the spirit of casuistry lives and breathes in every line of the argument that precedes it and of the plot which is destined to be so closed. Passing from this primitive conflict, consisting of the revolt of the moral sense against the harshness of destiny, we come to another casuistical tempest of even more modern interest. The two great centres of moral obligation in early times—if we may so style them—would naturally be the State and the family. The citizen owed implicit allegiance to his country, but he also owed unbounded filial respect to his ancestors, his parents, and his kinsmen. If the former cycle of duties was the most eagerly insisted

upon by the teaching of the State, the latter had in its favour the potent instincts of humanity. It could not, in the nature of things, be very long before the two rival codes clashed, and the clang and echo of the collision has been perpetuated in the finest monuments of classical literary genius. The most characteristic and, so to speak, representative forms of the domestic idea would be evidently respect for the living family—which may be summed up in the term filial piety—and respect for the departed, which may not inappropriately be denominated piety towards the dead. Both furnish materials for subtle casuistical thought. Suppose piety towards one parent is incompatible with piety towards another; that is the problem presented to us by the tragic story of Orestes. Suppose, on the other hand, that filial piety towards a parent interferes with obedience to the regulations of the State; that is the difficulty elaborated with such beauty in the tale of *Edipus*. Lastly, let us suppose that veneration for the ashes of the dead becomes inconsistent with a similar political duty. This, and no other, is the moral conflict delineated from the first page of *Antigone's* history to the last. It is evident that we have in all these a specimen of full-blown casuistry, in such a shape as it necessarily takes in a society so organized.

The next stage through which the casuistical spirit passes is one still more intelligible to modern times. It is, however, a stage that follows closely upon and is almost coterminous with the former. It owes its origin to the bewildering dissection between various, though respectable, schools of philosophy in the first place, and in the second, to the growth of personal feelings of religion and sentimental morality. Questions now arise as to which of several teachers are to be believed. Questions also make their appearance as to whether natural instincts of right and wrong are not better than all teachers, and especially than mere political authority. The apostolic difficulty whether it is better to obey God or man occurred under a slightly varied form, and was solved by Socrates and some of the Sophists of his time in a similar way. How to discover an infallible guide in moral perplexities, how conscience is to reform and perfect itself so as to act in such cases as an efficient guide, and on what sure basis, amidst the shifting sands of logic and philosophy, moral consciousness is to rest, were the great difficulties out of which the Socratic school rose to its elevation, containing within it the germs of all subsequent philosophy. It was not, however, till Christianity began to rule Europe that religious casuistry culminated. The Church and its teachings then came into contact and conflict with the natural laws of the family, the composite laws of society, and the jarring interests of States, just as in ancient times the interests of the family had fallen into antagonism with the interests of the commonwealth. Religious law, like moral law, is moreover indefinite in its nature. One religious or one moral precept, when pushed to an extreme, crosses perhaps another extreme form of an equally unimpeachable tenet. When logic began to be applied in its severity to Christian ethics, and logical conclusions to be deduced from vague theological premises, the truth of which lay rather in the spirit than in the letter, casuistry had enough to do to reconcile all the opposite deductions among themselves, and to reconcile all of them to the necessities of external social life. The reconciliation in each separate case was often too ingenious to appear strictly honest, and casuistry soon found itself reproached for an ingenuity which was not its own fault, but the fault of the circumstances with which it was called upon to deal. It fell, moreover, as all learning fell, into the hands of a body of men isolated from social ties for the express purpose that they might maintain the discipline and influence of their own spiritual body, and in their hands it degenerated doubtless into an instrument for swaying and tampering with men's consciences. A stigma attached itself to the name of an art which is itself much older than its modern name, and much older than the men who misused it.

The decay of casuistry is nevertheless the result less of this stigma and reproach than of the altered circumstances under which modern English society flourishes. Arbitration between rival duties is less needed, for rivalry between different codes and different duties has almost ceased. The tendency of legislation has been to put an end to it. The State no longer interferes with domestic, or with religious, or with private interests. Codes of political law learn to bend to the spirit of the times. They cannot, except in rare and ephemeral circumstances, contradict the positive teaching of morality, for the great object of legislation is to accommodate political enactments to that teaching. The virtual establishment of religious liberty prevents any but morbidly susceptible minds from even imagining occasions where the rights of *Cæsar* are inconsistent with the rights of *Heaven*. Theology and morality have removed all opportunities of mutual hostility by softening down the rough edge of codified enactments which at different historical epochs increased first one and then the other. They have, so to speak, decodified their law, and found, after the decodification, that the spirit of both is, or ought to be, identical. The law of honour—a modern and a somewhat fragmentary and arbitrary constitution—has undergone a like toning down. A man of honour need not, through the course of a long and sensitive career, fall foul of any positive religious or moral or political obligation. It is no longer imperative on us to fight duels or to torture Jews. If Roman Catholicism were again to obtain a permanent hold upon the population of the country, old perplexities might perhaps again revive, and consciences again be vexed with a tumultuous warfare between spiritual and civil codes. But the modern spirit which the Vatican denounces in its successive Encyclicals renders such a contingency



improbable, and destroys one of the last chances of the resurrection of casuistry to new life. Knowledge of, and intercourse with, many nations of various types of character in the long run affects our way of looking at our own institutions and our own moral axioms. The effect is, not to weaken our practical allegiance to them, but to make us regard them less and less as things of universal obligation, susceptible of a sort of mathematical proof. Weary of its laborious endeavours through many hundred years to reconcile the contradictions of opposite and incompatible laws, civilization does away with the necessity for such reconciliation by modifying the law, and thus abolishing the contradiction.

#### YOUTHFUL PROMISE.

IT is as great a puzzle to know what becomes of all the promising young men, as it was to the little girl of the story where on earth all the bad people were buried. Most parents have at one time or another congratulated themselves on possessing a child of remarkable promise, and then been awakened to see a most ordinary and commonplace fulfilment. Fortunately they have, as a rule, acquired sense enough in the interval to enable them to bear the disappointment with proper resignation. For the ambition of parents for their children, like the ambition on their own behalf, undergoes wonderful changes as their experience of the world grows wider. The father who gives a tip to his boy for getting to the top of his class is apt to entertain a vague and complacent conviction that he is rearing an archbishop or a chancellor or a great author, just as his own tastes may happen to lie. But ten years later he is amazingly pleased to learn that his lad evinces a genius for book-keeping by double-entry, and for mounting his high stool with punctuality. Just in the same way, the lad's ambition gets gradually modified. What at first would have seemed a pitiful aim indeed slowly assumes the proportions of a crowning success. In life, as in other journeys, distances are wonderfully deceptive; and the peaks and pinnacles which to the ardent and inexperienced of youth seem quite close at hand, and easily accessible, generally turn out to be ever so remote, and only surmountable, if at all, by vigorous and prolonged efforts, for which only a few constitutions, specially trained and circumstanced, are hardy enough.

One great secret of the exaggerated notions entertained about promising youths is the confusion of conduct with capacity, of goodness with power. By promise, people most commonly mean promise of those things in gaining which intellectual ability tells more than any quantity of well-regulated affections and decorous counting-house virtues. They mean those great professional prizes, and lofty political positions, and grand literary reputations which are won by vigour, acuteness, breadth, or profundity of understanding. The grounds on which a lad earns a reputation for promise are, in an ordinary way, exclusively moral grounds. He is industrious, persevering, docile, well-mannered. He always knows his lessons, and is never insolent or quarrelsome. And this sort of "good boy" may very well be called a boy of promise, and it is probable that his life will be one of more even happiness than that of the boy of fulfilment. But then the results which he is likely to achieve, satisfactory as they may be in themselves, are not at all those which his too partial friends delight to anticipate for him. Punctuality and conformity to discipline, and an aversion to blots and dog-eared books and the ruder tastes of his compeers, are very excellent things, and they certainly promise a tombstone on which the characteristics of a tender husband, a good father, and a just citizen will have more than their conventional significance. Still, friends, ambitious by proxy, aspire to something more than an unusually truthful tombstone. An immortal poem, or a series of unrivalled orations, or a history which shall live as long as our language, or a political wisdom and beneficence which shall win the undying gratitude of the poor—this is the kind of object which they expect their promising favourite to propose to himself and to attain. The most saintly abhorrence of blots, unfortunately, is not the only requisite for a great poet, perhaps is no requisite at all. The youth who has never in his life disobeyed a master, or neglected the smallest monition of his college-tutor, or once missed attendance at chapel, may still not be eloquent or profound. Charles James Fox, as he appeared at the gambling-table with his coat turned inside out for luck, or lying in the hot weather pretty nearly stark naked on the sofa, would scarcely have been thought a young man of promise. Yet he was a man of fulfilment for all that. He would have done a great deal more if he had not frequented the tables, no doubt; but he is one out of ten thousand illustrations of the commonplace that a man may make a great mark in spite of almost every vice that human nature can fall into. And it is this making a great mark which is predicted when a young man is said to be of wonderful promise. Of course the converse error is much more pernicious and stupid, though it is not at all rare, of arguing that he must be a genius who displays an habitual disregard of the proprieties of conduct. Lying about without clothes in hot weather, or hastening to ruin on the turf, is no sure guarantee for the possession of eloquence or political ability or anything else. A total disrespect for the good opinion of persons around one may, on certain subjects, be a very wholesome and promising characteristic, and the person whom it marks may do excellent service both to himself and others in virtue of it; but where an ignoble kind of self-indulgence prompts this disrespect, it can only, in spite of the example of

Fox and plenty of others, be a hindrance to him at every point. Hence the infatuated folly of parents, or of the young men themselves, who mistake all sorts of sheer bad habits for spirit and originality; the truth being that neither bad habits nor good habits are the cause or the measure of that native vigour of mind which lies at the root of the most conspicuous and glittering successes of life.

This vigour can only be tested, if at all, in the most hopelessly imperfect way during the time of youth; and so people form their judgments of a man's future from one or two moral qualities, which in truth have much less to do with the kind of future they are thinking about than the intellectual qualities which they have scarcely any trustworthy means of measuring. We nearly always find in the biographies of distinguished men, that at school or college they gave no remarkable sign of their future power; and even where this is not the case, the predictions of greatness may commonly be traced to a time after the greatness had been achieved. The child may, in a sense, be father to the man; and nobody of any judgment will deny that we are born with peculiar temperaments and our own individual predispositions. But character is the compound product of predispositions and experience. You cannot predict anything of the product until you know something of the second of these factors, and even then it is unsound to argue that the combination of what seem like the same temperaments with what appears to be the same sort of experience will always be identical. Experience, or perhaps we should rather say the demand for independent action, every day gives rise to conduct which astounds us and mystifies all our calculations. It is impossible to be quite sure how a boy or a young man will turn out after he has looked out upon the world beyond the classroom. This uncertainty is notorious, even in respect of the moral half of character. Lads who have been angels with pure white wings up to one-and-twenty not seldom develop—by a process, we suppose, of natural selection—into imps with horrid horns and hoofs before they have left home a twelvemonth. But the influence of the demands of life upon the intellectual part of men is often still more extraordinary and still more unforeseeable. Some whom, on account of their school-room virtues, their friends insisted on raising aloft on pedestals no sooner get fairly out into the big world than they seem to be scared by the size of things, and to be utterly lacking in that intrepidity of the intellect which is so needful for great successes. Others, again, whose intellectual energies have hitherto passed for second-rate, and of whom nobody entertained very sanguine hopes, have their imagination excited, their faculties braced, all their powers stimulated, by the novelty and bustle and Brobdingnagian dimensions of the new scene to which they are introduced. The nature of this impression, and the way in which it strikes people of different original quality, are points nearly always overlooked in talk about early promise.

Intellectual intrepidity, as it is one of the most vital conditions of that eminent success which people urgently desire for their sons or their friends, is just that at which men of promise ordinarily stop short of fulfilment. With manful assurance they march up to the fight, but discretion suddenly steps in and freezes their intent. Everybody understands what this means in a physical conflict, but not everybody discerns how the same thing may occur to men who think of entering the arena where the contest is not waged with the arm of flesh. We all admire the courage which enables a man to lead his men against a battery or to join a forlorn hope, and we admit that such a virtue is the first essential of a successful warrior. But we do not usually understand how much the same quality, only intellectual instead of physical, is needed for a man who sits down to write the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, or of Modern Civilization, or who aspires to be a conspicuous power in the political world, or to attain distinguished success in science or philosophy. Yet these are the results too commonly anticipated in the expression that so and so, under five-and-twenty, is a person of great promise; which, being interpreted, means that he is industrious and of good morality, and decently intelligent. That he should be all this, as we have already said, promising, but only as far as it goes. It promises comfort and good repute, and nothing else; and even then the promise is not worth much, as a thing to rely on, when we reflect how often the first whiff of the world blows away the surface habits of youth into space, making all clean and garnished for the reception of seven or some other number of devils and unclean spirits.

But exemplary conduct is not the only thing from which promise is wrongly inferred. It is equally common to find people mistaking ambition for capacity. The strength of the passion for fame is supposed to be some measure of the intellectual strength required for gratifying it, and foolish persons fancy that, if a young man only starts in life with a sufficiently vehement desire to get to the top of the tree, he cannot fail. Put in a point-blank way, nobody could be taken in by the fallacy; only people do not put things to themselves in this way. We are always more or less ready to take appearance for reality in matters which do not concern ourselves personally in any very urgent degree, and to allow people to pass themselves off at their own estimate. So if a young fellow gives one to understand, quietly of course, and without braggadocio or bluster, that he has a vehement desire—and in the days of youth desire is synonymous with intention—to rise to eminence in some given line, one is disposed to give him credit for possessing the ability which the attainment of his desire would imply. Hence he is given out to be a man of extraordinary promise

—promise in this case only meaning what his conceit and rash confidence promise to themselves, and not what his abilities justify.

After all, the misunderstanding of what constitutes promise is only a branch of the wider ignorance of the conditions of success generally. Dr. Johnson we think it was who said that youth always miscalculates two things—the value of money, and the difficulty of reaching eminence. Young men disregard and waste the one, and they think they can have the other by merely wishing and asking. But is youth the only age at which one calculates the pains of winning distinction far below their true magnitude? Does not everybody, except those who have already tried to advance some way up the steep path, think the ascent a great deal easier than it is? True, there are crowds of impostors in the Temple of Fame, who have got up where they are by bubbles or balloons. But they are only there for a time. Perhaps it may comfort men who discover that what they or their friends mistook for promise is nothing of the sort, to reflect that even those who most deserve eminence only enjoy it for a while; and, besides, that the atmosphere of these lofty peaks would most likely prove not at all congenial to those others whom nature and circumstances have united to fit for the plain.

#### RESERVE.

“*QUOD tacitum velis nemini dixeris*” was the motto of one of the discreetest men in the discreet sixteenth century. Sir Thomas Pope was one of those men who contrived to flourish undisturbed through the reigns of Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth. And he not only contrived to flourish through so many changes, but he also contrived, while taking a certain share in public affairs, to flourish without doing anything specially discreditable, and while contriving to do a good deal that was specially creditable. He was not a hero or a martyr, but he was not a rogue or a hypocrite. He never opposed any Government, but he is not charged with sharing the crimes of any Government. He seems to have gone as near the wind as an honest man could, but never to have clearly passed the line which separates vice from virtue. He was chosen to carry to Sir Thomas More the news of his intended martyrdom. He was therefore in favour with More's murderers, but he was also in favour with More himself, and he did not at all lose that favour by his way of discharging his errand. He had a good deal to do with the suppression of Abbeys, but he had nothing to do with the hanging of Abbots. He received the surrender of St. Alban's, but he saved the Abbey Church from being pulled down. He made a large fortune out of grants of monastic lands, but he made himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness by employing a large portion of the wealth so gained in the foundation of a College. He stuck fast to the old religion, and doubtless believed in the efficacy of good works; but he did his good works in his lifetime, he did not call his College by his own name, and in his statutes he favoured the studies which then were new and struggling. Lastly, he was enough in the favour of Queen Mary to be at one time the keeper of the Lady Elizabeth, but he contrived so to discharge that trust as to win the favour of the Lady Elizabeth as well. Altogether Sir Thomas Pope seems to have come as near as any man towards making the most of both worlds. And if it was his motto which in any way helped him to do so, the doctrine taught in that motto is certainly not to be despised by any practical man.

We think, however, that it would be a mistake to suppose from his motto that Sir Thomas Pope was at all a silent man. We should rather suspect that he was somewhat talkative, both by nature and on principle. We could fancy that the very choice of his motto might be the result of some youthful slip, which led him to take special care to bridle the unruly member for the rest of his days. And we may be almost certain that a man whose fixed principle was never to say anything which could possibly be dangerous would, of set purpose, talk a good deal about such things as he knew were not dangerous. A man who is intentionally reserved on certain subjects will commonly wish to avoid the appearance of reserve. He will therefore talk freely on all other subjects, and will have the tact to avoid or to evade those subjects on which he cannot talk freely. He who is determined to make no confidences will perhaps even go so far as intentionally to seem to be making confidences while really he is making none. A man whose principle is “*Quod tacitum velis nemini dixeris*” will look on that principle as a jewel far too precious to be indiscriminately shown to every one in the thick of the struggle of life. He will rather keep it about him safely and unostentatiously, and only in the evening of his days bequeath it to the descendants or disciples whom he wishes to tread in his steps.

A prudential reserve of this sort, carried out on principle, is the exact opposite to the practice of making mysteries. A disciple of Sir Thomas Pope has a secret, and means to keep it a secret; he therefore not only does not tell you his secret, but he takes care not to let you know that he has any secret at all. A man who makes mysteries, who lets you know in an ostentatious way that he has secrets, is probably really eager to let his secrets be secrets no longer. He likes the importance of seeming to possess secrets, especially if they are secrets which imply the confidence of those in power. But he also likes the still greater importance of actually revealing his secrets. He will make, first mysteries, and then confidences, to a dozen people all round; the only object of the

mystery being to raise the value of the confidence when it comes. His virtue is easily to be won over; it only insists on the decent ceremony of a little previous wooing. Some people of this disposition get so thoroughly into the habit of making mysteries of everything that they do so absolutely without provocation; they do it when the confidence, when it comes, proves to be something which might, without danger or scandal, be proclaimed at the market-cross. Such a temper as this is the very opposite to reserve cloaking itself under the guise of reserve, while Sir Thomas Pope's principle is the reality of reserve cloaking itself under the guise of its opposite.

But this conscious and deliberate reserve, simply because it is conscious and deliberate, is something quite different from that reserve which is a matter of natural disposition. A man who acts on Sir Thomas Pope's principle would, as we have hinted, by no means necessarily strike us in ordinary intercourse as being a reserved man. It is quite possible that he would strike us as being quite the reverse. If so, he would only the more completely have gained his point; he would have concealed, not only his secret, but the fact that he had a secret. But when a man is reserved by natural disposition, he cannot help showing it on all occasions. The prudentially silent man will be silent on dangerous points, but very likely specially open on safe ones. But the naturally reserved man will not be open on any point. He will neither freely tell you of his own affairs, nor freely ask you about yours. He may have no secrets at all in the proper sense of the word, but his temperament leads him to treat everything as if it were a kind of secret. He may have no real repugnance to your knowing his affairs, no real unwillingness to know yours. But he shrinks from the mere process of asking and telling. Either of these processes is an effort, which he cannot get through without difficulty, even when he is himself convinced that he ought to make it. He will very likely lose occasions of benefiting either himself or others, from a sheer repugnance, which is almost physical, to making the necessary revelations or asking the necessary questions. He too is, in another way, the opposite to the man who makes mysteries. The latter may, if he takes the trouble to think, be convinced that he had better not tell his secret, better not let people know that he has any secret; but the pleasure, first of mystery and then of confidence, is a temptation too great to be resisted. The reserved man may be fully convinced that, in some particular case, it may be better either to give or to ask confidence, but he feels a repugnance to giving or asking which perhaps he cannot overcome at all, or at any rate not without a considerable effort.

Natural reserve then, and silence on principle, are two quite distinct things, which may exist separately. But they may be united in the same person. That is, a man who is naturally disposed to keep things to himself may also be consciously convinced, by argument or experience, of the advantage of keeping them to himself. Such a man has, in a certain sense, two strings to his bow. When reason and inclination agree, no man is likely to disobey the common dictates of both. But such a man could hardly reap the full benefit of Sir Thomas Pope's principle. He would act upon it even more thoroughly than Sir Thomas himself, because he would never feel any temptation to act otherwise. But he would destroy half the virtue of acting upon it by letting people see that he did act upon it. He could not bring himself to the fitting openness on safe subjects, and though his secrecy would be doubly sure on dangerous subjects, yet he could hardly help letting out the secret that there was a secret. In short, his inner citadel would be doubly guarded, but only at the cost of leaving the out-works exposed to the enemy. We can see no safety for such a man save in total and impenetrable silence on all subjects, great and small, safe and dangerous. Then indeed no one could tell on which subjects he was silent from natural habit and on which subjects he was silent on principle. And such men have often won, and perhaps have sometimes deserved, a great reputation for wisdom. But such a wisdom as this can neither be active nor amiable. The disciple of Sir Thomas Pope gains the same end as fully, and gains two or three others besides.

Natural reserve, as being natural, and therefore unavoidable, is in itself, like any other natural quality, neither a virtue nor a vice, an object neither of praise nor of blame. It may become either, according as it is dealt with. Like every other natural quality, it has its good side and its bad, its peculiar advantages and its peculiar temptations. If duly trained, it may be made highly useful; if not taken proper care of, it may become distinctly unamiable. It is a negative quality, which of itself can hardly lead to positive results. It is an excellent preservative against many forms of vice and folly, but it can hardly of itself lead to much active wisdom and virtue. It is consistent with the existence of any amount of amiable qualities, but it can hardly become amiable in itself. You may love a person in spite of it, but you can hardly love him because of it.

This natural reserve, like other natural qualities, may take several forms. One of the most curious is when reserve merely takes the form of a repugnance to begin anything, though there is no repugnance to go on when the thing is once started. Some people will never start any subject; they will never tell you about their own affairs; they will never ask you about your affairs; they will never comment on other people's affairs, public or private; they hardly volunteer any question or remark of any sort. But once start a subject, and they will go on; if you ask questions, they will answer them; if you state facts, they will comment on them; and they will



do all this with no apparent repugnance, but sometimes even with actual openness of speech. For instance, you may lend or recommend a book or a paper to such a person; the book or paper is read or returned, but no remark is made on its contents. But if you start the subject, and ask for an opinion, you find no further difficulty in discussing the matter; your hitherto silent friend is both able and willing to agree with or to differ from you as may happen. This sort of disposition has somewhat the same appearance as mere shyness or awkwardness in introducing a subject; but it is really a different thing. What we have been speaking of is really a form of reserve, while shyness and awkwardness have nothing to do with reserve. The persons of whom we speak have a real repugnance to beginning a subject; a man who is merely shy feels no repugnance, but merely a difficulty. The persons of whom we speak will speak freely when they are once helped over the stile, but though they speak freely, they will not speak unreservedly. Though you can yourself lift the mere outward barrier at pleasure, still you are not likely to come in for needless confidences or imprudent disclosures. But people who are merely shy are just the people with whom you are likely to come in for them. A shy man feels not a repugnance to talk, but a mere difficulty in beginning to talk. When he has once leaped over that barrier, he has probably no real reserve to restrain him; when he once begins to talk, he will talk freely, perhaps even imprudently or impertinently. Such a man will hold his tongue during half an evening, and take the whole company into his confidence during the other half. Shyness, again, has different forms. Some people are shy with everybody; some people only with those of whom they are yet uncertain whether they have any ground in common. As soon as the common ground is found, the shyness vanishes, and the shy man talks not only freely, but without any reserve at all. Such a man may sit for a while in mixed company and not say a word; but if something happens to draw him out, he runs into the opposite fault, by talking to the mixed company as he would talk to his intimate friends. Men who positively shrink from speaking to a stranger, who will, if they can, set another person to ask the most trifling question for them, will dispute in private or in public, will make lectures and speeches in all kinds of assemblies, without the least difficulty, the moment the one difficulty of opening their lips is got over. The reserved person will not at all necessarily have any physical shrinking of this sort. He will do all the little common affairs of life, the orders and questions and purchases of every day, without the least difficulty; it is only when you get to matters one degree greater in size that reserve and its repugnance begins. But a man who shrinks from entering a strange shop, or from asking his way of a stranger, may be ready to stand up and address a mob with only a momentary difficulty, and, with those with whom the stage of shyness is passed, he may be ready to make unlimited confidences without any difficulty at all. In short, the action of reserve begins just at the point where the action of shyness leaves off. The reserved man may upset the shy man by telling him that it is a fine day; but the moment the shy man recovers his balance, he has the advantage over the reserved man, who has to retire behind his entrenchments and resist how he can the batterings of his shy assailant.

Shyness generally covers a certain impetuosity, which is inconsistent with either natural or artificial reserve, and which makes the shy man speak with special freedom when he speaks at all. Otherwise a shy man would have less difficulty in becoming a disciple of Sir Thomas Pope than a reserved man. Supposing such impetuosity not to exist—and it is certainly not implied in the quality of shyness—a shy man, when his first difficulties were got over, that is, when he began to talk at all, could better observe the rule of speaking freely on some subjects and not at all on others, than the reserved man who has a difficulty in speaking freely on any subject. But practically, just because such impetuosity generally does exist, the shy man is a less promising subject for Sir Thomas's discipline than the reserved man. But neither of them is exactly the man for the purpose. To practise in its fullest "Quod tacitum velis, nemini dixeris," a man should be above repugnances and difficulties of any kind. Both reserve and shyness, with their repugnances and difficulties, are human weaknesses, which must stand in the way of the perfectly discreet man. The man who speaks or keeps silence as pure reason dictates to him will find no difficulty or repugnance in speaking on account of time, place, person, or any circumstance of that sort. In order to hold his tongue at the proper time, he must be ready to speak at any time, but he must feel violently impelled to speak at no time. The avowedly talkative man, the man with mysteries, the reserved man, and the shy man do all more or less cut their own throats. It is the man who can speak at any moment, but who does speak only at the right moment, who is likely, in the words of a famous academical dignitary, to rise to "places of very considerable emolument, even in this life," and, at least in the case of an almost canonized Founder, we trust in the next life also.

#### SANTORINO.

IF February had only been in the yachting season, there would have been a sight worth seeing, and a decidedly new sensation, within easy reach of the members of the Royal Yacht Club. No

less a surprise than the navigation of a sea the waters of which were literally "boiling" would have awaited them in Santorino. The island, or islands, which bear this name form an appendage to the most southerly, or nearly so, of the Cyclades, now commonly known to Levantine seamen as Santorino, but retaining also, as nearly all these islands do, its ancient name of Thera (*θῆρα*), or Thira. The volcanic disturbance connected with the phenomenon in question appears to have been going on during the larger part of the month of February, and the correspondents of some of our morning contemporaries have furnished, during the first week of its course, a journal of the successive stages of the movement. A British frigate, as soon as the news reached Malta, was detached to "watch the proceedings," on the part of this country. A Greek ship of war also attended with an obvious interest in whatever territory might be lost to, or won from, the sea; whilst a vessel bearing the flag of "All the Russias" hovered also near the scene, awaiting the development of a possibly new complication of "the Eastern question." The island of Santorino is inhabited, and its population on the sea-edge towards the south-western side were in actual danger; which may be presumed to have been a stimulus to the presence of these vessels, with a view to rendering assistance to those whose homes were cracking and splitting with the convulsions of the surface, and were in some cases actually being sapped and swamped by the sea. The action of the submarine volcano seems to have had its centre somewhere in the bay which sweeps in a broad convexity into the western edge of the larger island which we have described, and the shore of which, from its curve and configuration, is said to present incontestable evidence of being the edge or lip of the submerged crater. Within the sweep of this curve lay three islands, all of volcanic origin, and the dates of the appearance of which are, we believe, historically recorded. All bear in their names the trace of their igneous parentage, their common designation being Kaiménai, or "the burnt"; whilst they are individually distinguished as the Palaia, Nea, and Mikrè, or the "old," the "new," and the "little." In the two last-named, the hills and ground on the last days of January showed uneasy fissures, while the waters of the sea, which parts them, said commonly to show a yellow discoloration from the sulphur springs which it covers, were observed to boil. On the morning of the 1st of February, flames shot up through the very waters, whilst the disturbances of the surface of the islands formed several fresh-water lakes, which on the 2nd were found to have turned to salt water; the same uncomfortable and ominous symptoms continuing, accompanied with copious discharges of smoke and vast clouds of steam, and with the gradual submergence of a portion of the area of the islands, including the houses upon them. The southern portion of the "new" island appears to have been lost beneath the waves in the course of the eruption, while the depth of water adjacent, previously marked in the Admiralty charts as 100 fathoms, yielded only 30 fathoms to the lead. A roof and chimney, forlornly sticking up out of the water, marked the site of a house which had contained a family, whilst several more in the vicinity were wholly gone. On the morning of the 4th of February, a new island was discovered pushing above the surface, and in five days it had attained an area computed at about 35,000 square feet, and a height in some places of 150 feet above the sea level. We can hardly trust the statements of a ship's officers and crew as literally accurate in such unusual circumstances; but the statements go to show that rocks were marked as rising up in various directions above the water, and again disappearing below them. A considerable hillock, which is said to have arisen and gradually connected itself with the shores of the island on its northern and western edges, may be taken as a cone of the volcano forced up from below, and forming the principal elevation of the newly-born island. Volleys of rocky fragments were hurled into the air on the second night after the British frigate's arrival, making her position exceedingly uncomfortable; being, in fact, hardly different from one under a battery discharging heated shot. The situation would have been a fine one to try the qualities of one of those Yankee Monitors rejoicing in a metallic superficies and a name which sets one's teeth on edge in trying to pronounce it. Not enjoying the advantages of this salamander structure, the *Surprise*, which was the frigate in question, finding her name disagreeably realized, and her anchorage by the second night becoming too hot to hold her, whilst the possibility presented itself of a hot rock popping up under the line of her keel, appears to have retired from the natural cooking apparatus into which she found herself drifting. A heavy sea came on, whilst the volcano continued its activity, sending up vast whirlwinds of steam as the battling elements encountered. The *Surprise* accordingly got up steam on her own account, and made off from what had once been "Mineral Creek," on the shore of one of the Kaiménai, but which was now occupied by the newly-born island, which, hissing hot, had started from its bottom, and lay smoking and seething in the water, like a black and unsavoury mass of junk in a ship's copper, a few cables' length from her bows. The smoke and vapour which rose upwards from its surface were tinged with the fiery hues of the combustion still actively going on immediately below, while cracks in the same surface gave glimpses still more formidable of the fount of lava surging up within. The lava, and the violent changes of surface incident to the formation of the new island, are said to have buried a number of houses on the old one, besides those which actually sank into the sea; but up to the time of the frigate's departure no loss of life is said to have happened.

The Mediterranean basin furnishes one of the best known regions

of volcanic activity, and its phenomena were naturally the first observed. The legend of the island of Delos, in the same group, having been at first afloat and unattached, but subsequently becoming *terra firma*, probably embodies mythologically an early noticed phenomenon of precisely the same class. Further north, in the same archipelago, we have the island of Lemnos, the seat of the Greek fire-god Hephestus. Several legends in the Homeric poems probably convey poetical embellishments of similarly connected actual facts. Thus the contest between the river Xanthus and the same fire-god in the *Iliad*, in which the waters boil and dry up, the trees and rushes blaze, and the fish are fried, in honour of Achilles, the goddess-horn hero, may probably represent some such phenomenon as is still occasionally observed, when a lava stream descending from a crater appropriates to itself the bed of a river, with such accompaniments as the poet has seized on to enhance his description. The conversion of the Phœcian galley in the *Odyssey* into a rock which "hovers over the city"—ascribed there to the agency of the "earth-shaking Poseidon," god of the sea, and whose "famous palace" is at *Æge*, denominative of the same *Ægean Sea* which is the modern Archipelago—may perhaps contain the tradition of a physical fact of the same kind. Such a submarine convulsion in which a rock was pushed up may have caused a heroic row-boat—for the Homeric ships were little more—to perish by the fate which seems to have been deemed not impossible, for their own vessel, by the officers of Her Majesty's ship *Surprise*. Again, the Homeric description of Charybdis as it stands in the poem, taken by itself, and apart from the accompaniment of Scylla, contains some certainly of the characteristics which we have described as taking place at Santorino, although others are combined with them which clearly convey the notion of a vortex. The boiling aspect of the sea, the mist or smoke which envelopes the scene of danger, and the black bottom visible amid the waves—as though an island on its way upwards—all point in this direction. As regards *Ætna* itself, the clinking of the fabulous Cyclopean hammers in its fiery bosom, apart from and besides the furnace-roar of its crater when in activity, has been probably referred by a recent commentator upon *Æchylus* to the sound attendant upon the splitting of masses of obsidian in the gorge of the same crater when at rest.

It is interesting thus to trace, in the very cradle of history, the same physical occurrences which are amongst the most astonishing of all known upon the earth's surface in this modern world of civilized man. Santorino, being probably within sight of Crete, lay in the highway of the earliest historic nations who knew anything by experience of the sea. Its volcanic history, however, we believe, is not traceable further back than the struggle between Macedonia and the Roman power early in the second century B.C., when an island then called *Hiera*, which we may probably identify with the "old" *Kaiméné*, found its way to light. Soon after the Christian era, in fact about the year in which St. Paul was preaching in Lycaonia, appeared the island *Thia*—doubtless either the "new" or the "little" *Kaiméné*. These names themselves—*Hiera* (*Ἱερά*) the "Sacred," and *Thia* (*Θία*) the "Divine"—bespeak some such extraordinary agency as would, at either period, be certainly ascribed to theurgic intervention. Ancient history bears record also to facts which have their connection with the same class of phenomena, as the destruction, probably by an earthquake, of the city of *Helice* in *Achaia*, two years before the battle of *Leuctra*; and the ravages of *Vesuvius* itself in the *Vespasian* period tend similarly to fix our eyes on volcanic disturbances in the Mediterranean basin. *Theophrastus* and *Pliny* mention pumice, which is nothing else than the hardened froth of a lava torrent, as found in various islands of the *Cyclades*, to which group, as we have said, Santorino belongs.

The struggle of fire-action with water, which characterizes the curious episode of Santorino in February last, represents the concurrence of the two opposite agencies for ever at work remoulding and newly shaping this crust of the earth, which we are fond of regarding as solid and permanent; whereas, if looked at from century to century, it is easy to see that nothing is less so. The agency of fire, which *Von Humboldt* regarded as proceeding from a central igneous mass within the earth (although an opposite theory has recently found respectable support), is perpetually uplifting and depressing, either by sudden and violent shocks, or by a gradual and scarcely perceptible heaving and sinking, the various portions of the earth's crust to which internal forces direct it. It is perpetually producing inequalities. The action of water works, on the other hand, by the constant abrasure, planing down, and wearing smooth the excrescences or cavities formed in the bulging or subsiding crust. It is perpetually redressing the inequalities produced by fire. But for the thrust of the fire-king from below, our continents and islands would be gradually fretted away by the sweep and rush of waters on the surface. But for the levelling agency of water, the internal forces acting at right angles to that surface from the centre upwards and downwards would soon pile the crust of the earth in huge masses severed by Titanic chasms. The forces which came so remarkably into play at Santorino represent, as in a physical drama, that balanced struggle of the elements which keeps the earth in its habitable form. All the islands of the Greek Archipelago, indeed, have the appearance of mountain tops, the bases of which are hidden in the sea which covers their submarine valleys; and this peculiarity of their aspect, no less than the configuration of the mainland of Greece itself, which has been computed as containing nine-tenths of mountain to one-

tenth of plain, speaks pretty plainly for the fact that the vertical or fire action was predominant at the period when that portion of Europe took its present shape. The mediæval and sub-mediæval times contain similar records of the energy of volcanic action in the Bay of Santorino, connected of course with earthquakes, which are indeed only a modified form of the same force at work. Thus the old *Kaiméné* has received several successive instalments, each adding to its size, the most recent of which nearly coincided with the capture of Constantinople by the Turks; and one of the two smaller members of the caustic sisterhood dates no further back than the latter part of the sixteenth century. A good account of the earlier history of this seat of volcanic action will be found in the *Principles of Geology*, by Sir C. Lyell, assisted by a map which, with the sections given below it, conveys a clear and full notion of a crater submerged, having the more than semi-circular curve of the western Bay of Santorino for a large part of the periphery of its edge, and having its successive cones of active operation in the small cluster of islands already often named. We may add—as trustworthy, although less recent, authorities—the names of *Choiseul-Gouffier*, *Bartholdy*, and *Tournefort*. It only remains to be said that the *newest Kaiméné*, as we will call it for want of a more definite name, was still hot enough at the last accounts to bespeak its subterranean origin, and may probably give a warm reception to any adventurous yachtsman who may run far enough from these inclement coasts, in the present raw and gusty month, to light his cigar at it.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

AN unofficial announcement has been made that the Royal Academy has offered certain proposals to the Government which embrace two points. The Academicians are to migrate to Burlington House, and they are to enlarge their body by throwing open the class of Associates to the profession, without fixing any definite number. Of these Associates only twenty-five are to become members of the Academy, and to them, with the present forty, is to be assigned the power to elect Academicians. The selection of the Associates—the twenty-five attached, as well as the crowd of unattached—is to be left with the existing forty members. It seems to follow, but this is not stated, that if the reformed and enlarged Academy of sixty-five is to elect Academicians, the sixty-five should, when reconstructed, also elect the Associates. These proposals are in some measure in accordance with the recommendations of the Commissioners of 1863; though they by no means, at least as at present announced, come up to the extent of the reform then suggested.

With respect to the preliminary matter of the site of the Royal Academy, everybody agrees that the question is not a vital one. Two bodies are housed in one inconvenient lodging; each has overgrown its accommodation, and one of them must go. But we have two homes ready for them. Either may stay at Charing Cross; either may go to Burlington House. In any case, the building in Trafalgar Square must be enlarged, and a new structure must be built in Piccadilly. In any case, the Royal Academy must pay either for a new home or for refitting its present home; and in any case, again, the Government, as representing the National Gallery, must do the same thing. There is something, and much, to be said for the National Gallery remaining in Trafalgar Square; something, but perhaps not quite so much, for its transference to Burlington House. But it is quite plain that the National Gallery must have the first choice. Trafalgar Square is, as everybody knows, according to Sir Robert Peel's well-worn saying, the finest site in Europe; and whatever may be the moral claims of the Royal Academy for house room, the Academicians only stay there upon sufferance. If it comes to moral considerations, the view from Parliament Street and the cynosure of London ought to be occupied by a public and national building. On the other hand, the Royal Academy is a constant quantity, while the site in Piccadilly is capable of greater expansion, and is therefore more suitable to the indefinite enlargement of a National Gallery, than the site at Charing Cross, which is, or can be easily made, quite large enough for all the possible requisites of the Academy. It is also thought by many persons that a museum (for such the National Gallery is) does not necessarily require so very public a site, and that Burlington House is quite accessible enough for any person really desirous of going there to see the pictures—excluding, that is, the crowds who now flock to the National Gallery to avoid the rain and to meet their friends; while it is incontestable that these crowds and the bad atmosphere of Charing Cross, which is worse than that of Piccadilly, may damage the pictures. The decision, however, will be settled chiefly by feeling; and the popular feeling is in favour of keeping the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. And if this is the final decision of Government, we shall cheerfully accept it, remembering that, if the notion of transferring the National Gallery at all is entertained, we shall have to combat the persistent and pertinacious clamour of the South Kensington people for clutching all the national pictures.

We have said that the reform proposed by the Academicians does not come up to that suggested by the Commissioners of 1863. With respect to the future constitution of the Royal Academy, the Commissioners recommended that, in addition to the President, there should be two Vice-Presidents selected from among the Academicians, representing those two of the Fine Arts—the three



being Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture—which should happen not to be represented by the President for the time being. It was also proposed that the number of Academicians should be extended to fifty, and that to these fifty professional Academicians should be added ten members not being artists, to be chosen by the Academy in General Assembly. A change was to be introduced into the system of Associates (at present restricted to twenty), by enlarging the number at once to fifty, with a power of further extension; and these fifty professional Academicians, the ten non-professional members of Council, and the fifty Associates were to constitute the General Assembly. A further recommendation was, that to this General Assembly should be assigned the duty of electing the President from among the Academicians, of electing the Academicians from among the Associates, and of electing the Associates by open vote, and that no restriction should be placed on the eligibility of any artist into the number of the Associates from the fact of his being a member of any other Art Society; the present practice of requiring a candidate to inscribe himself for the Associateship being relinquished. A suggestion for associating a class of art-workmen, or working artists, was also favourably entertained by the Commissioners. It will be seen that the present proposals, as announced, fall considerably short of the Commissioners' recommendations. First, the extension of the Academy seems to be inadequate. The Commissioners would have it enlarged to a hundred and ten; the Academicians stop short at sixty-five. The Commissioners would introduce a lay element; the Academicians are for retaining the exclusive professional character. To the scheme of making the Associates consist of two classes, attached and non-attached, there seems to be the greatest objection on principle; the notion of decorating a man with the title of Associate of the Royal Academy when you do not associate him with it—when you do not give him a vote or place or fellowship or voice in the body—being little short of a formal mockery. There seems to be an eminent shortsightedness in the refusal of the Academy to associate lay members with themselves; and for an obvious practical reason. Everybody is dissatisfied with the bad taste and utter want of system displayed in the design and construction of our public works. Everybody admits that a central and controlling body, unconnected with political changes, would form a most valuable council of advice and reference in all matters connected with the Fine Arts, such as public monuments, public buildings, and the like. But the experience of Reynolds' times shows that no public confidence will be given to the Academy by itself; while the introduction of non-professional members into the Academy would obviate the suspicion of jobbery, and would give the public itself a share, and therefore confidence, in the decisions and advice of a body composed, not only of artists, but men of taste and judgment, and of such general acquirements and learning as artists do not usually possess. The most favourable view, therefore, that we can take of the propositions of the Academy is that they amount to a moderate, we had almost said a grudging, instalment of that reform which public opinion seems to require, and which reform must be conceded by the Academy before it can expect what is so urgently required for the correction of its present anomalous condition—the grant of a Charter, and the formal recognition of its public character and duties.

We regret to say that we find in the present, however accidental, state of the Academy many and serious drawbacks to the hope that the Academicians are the right men to realize their position, or to be trusted with the work of reforming themselves. Several witnesses before the late Commission expressed their apprehensions of the difficulty which would be experienced in finding a successor qualified to succeed Sir Charles Eastlake as President; qualified, that is, not only by technical eminence in his art, but by general culture and literature, by personal gifts, and by a wise and sympathizing appreciation of all art. These melancholy forebodings have been more than realized. The Royal Academy now possesses a President who certainly presents fewer qualifications than any one of his predecessors. Reynolds was, of course, an exceptional man. West, to do him only justice, always exhibited the most conscientious devotion to his calling. The interrex Wyatt may be passed over. Lawrence was a man of real power, and, though a courtier and *flâneur*, was a judge and patron of art. We do not say that Shee was Mr. Grant's superior as a portrait painter, but even Shee revered art, and cultivated letters. From Eastlake to Grant—but we are not disposed to pursue the contrast. The Academicians themselves are not perhaps to blame. Death has deprived them of the accomplished and learned Dyce, and of Mulready, one of the best artists and most conscientious teachers in the whole series of English painters—of Mulready, who at extreme old age regularly and punctually served as visitor in the schools, took his seat nightly among the students, and drew as if he was drawing for a prize, and of whom it has been said that every line in his drawing seems to be done upon oath. Great artists, great in different ways, such as Macise and Landseer, declined the dubious and difficult task of succeeding Eastlake; and so Mr. Francis Grant is President of the Royal Academy. What are this gentleman's qualifications for the office? He has been at no pains to conceal his positive disqualifications; and they are such that of the whole forty it would be difficult to find one more slenderly accomplished for maintaining the dignity and discharging the responsibility of that high office which is—to use the language of the Commissioners

of 1863—the great prize of British Art. We may admit that Mr. Grant is a pretty flashy portrait painter, distinguished for an easy dash, which he would call "breadth;" but even in this, not the highest department of art, the business of making likenesses of fine ladies and gentlemen, he has certainly not advanced. His promise, which even in his own vicious method was never high, has not been realized. Mr. Grant was not, we believe, educated as an artist; certainly he was not a pupil of the Academy; and if he took to portrait-painting from any higher motive than that of its emoluments and his social connection with paying sitters, he has not been at the trouble of showing his appreciation for his high calling. We turn to his evidence given two years ago before the Royal Commission. "Six months of the year I live out of London, and those are the months when the principal meetings of the Academy take place; therefore I consider myself less qualified than other members to give any evidence of value respecting the Academy." "I have never acted as visitor in the life school, partly on that account, and partly because, when I am in London, I am totally exhausted towards evening, and therefore unfit to perform the duties of visitor." "I never attended either the life school or painting school as student." "As to the present system of Associates, or the objections entertained to it, I have never considered the subject." This is at any rate honest on Mr. Grant's part. He knows little, and seems to care less, about the constitution or working of the Academy; he never discharged or attempted to discharge his teaching duties as Academician; he does not find himself qualified or willing to teach. Therefore he is President. And when we come to examine this gentleman's artistic and æsthetic qualifications for the dignity to which he has attained, they will be found to be even less than his sense of his responsibilities as an Academician. Mr. Grant thinks that "the new school which has arisen in England, the aim of which is great individuality in execution," "has thrown art back fifty years." "It descends to a littleness which is below art." It takes away from its followers large ideas of breadth. It has done a great deal of harm; it has sent men in a wrong direction; it is labour without art." With this ignorant trash it will be enough to contrast the careful and weighty words of Mulready, whose evidence before the Commission may be studied as a beautiful instance of the mild wisdom of matured experience and conscientious reverence for his calling. While admitting and deploring the cardinal vice of Pre-Raphaelism, that "there is now too great an indifference to beauty," Mulready, one of the greatest draughtsmen ever produced, says, "I have no quarrel with them. They work against that sort of emptiness that is sometimes [i.e. by Mr. F. Grant] called breadth. . . . a very fine school may rise from the movement now taking place amongst us, but you can hardly look too much to nature. . . . The Pre-Raphaelites may be left to guide each other." We can hardly anticipate that the practice or the precepts of Mr. Grant will have the slightest influence on British art, and therefore we should be sorry to say that even such a President as he is likely to be will throw back English art fifty years, or will influence it for fifty seconds. Yet—saying nothing of the degradation which the English School suffers by having at its head a third-rate artist—we do regret, in the interests of the Royal Academy, and especially with respect to those discussions as to its constitution, government, management, and schools which must ensue, that its mouthpiece is one whose general acquirements and interest in his calling are pitched at so very low a scale as that of the present successor of Reynolds and Eastlake.

#### MR. DISRAELI AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

IT is perhaps an extraordinary thing, but it would be useless to deny, that Mr. Disraeli is a hero to a very large number of exceedingly young men. There is something in his career which exercises a sort of fascination over their youthful imaginations. His appearances on the public stage have usually been marked by those dramatic strokes which go straight to the hearts of lads. The pungency of his oratory is another secret of his popularity among boys. At fifteen or sixteen they relish Captain Mayne-Reid's terrific stories of scalp-hunting, tiger-shooting, swimming up yawning gulfs, and leaping over appalling precipices. But in time this becomes monotonous. At eighteen or nineteen they feel a longing for a little intellectual Mayne-Reidism, and, until Mr. Disraeli became decorous and dull, there was nobody who could meet this desire in so perfectly satisfactory a way. He has done things compared with which leaping up a precipice is mere child's-play. He could remove his enemy's scalp with a dexterity, and brandish his bloody tomahawk with a thrilling grace, which nobody could imitate. Besides his career in the House of Commons, he has written novels of love and novels of ambition, thus striking the two notes to which youth most readily responds. *Vivian Grey* and *Henrietta Temple* depict to the life all that a lad of a certain temper is likely to care about. In the one he dreams that, by force of sheer genius and courage, he has persuaded some powerful marquis to give him a seat in Parliament, where, by lashing sarcasms, he strikes terror into every foe, by the bolts of his oratory hurls an Administration from power, and then himself with undaunted intrepidity mounts the dizzy heights, and gives laws to nations. In the other, all is pitched in a gentler note, and he dreams that he is clasping to his bosom the loveliest and most accomplished of England's patrician daughters.

Perhaps on putting the books aside the youth awakes to the consciousness that he is in amazing peril of being plucked for his "smalls," in which intrepidity and genius count for a good deal less than an accurate knowledge of declensions and conjugations and the arithmetical tables. Another attraction about Mr. Disraeli's novels is that they offer such an uncommonly easy method of learning all about British history. We can scarcely say that they promote an accurate or full knowledge of events, but they supply you with an immense number of sayings which tell with astounding effect in general conversation. In the matter of the Great Rebellion, for example, you may not have read Clarendon or Hallam or any of those tiresome writers, and you may be darkly ignorant of battles and dates and the state of parties. But it is better than all this to be able to come down with the tremendous apophthegm that "Charles I. was the holocaust of direct taxation." This style gives one the whole philosophy of history neatly packed up in little portable parcels for the person, like pocket siphonias, warranted to be carried in the slenderest brain. All Mr. Disraeli's young friends are great at this compendious way of treating history.

A Mr. Bulley has just published a selection from Mr. Disraeli's speeches on Parliamentary Reform, by way of proving that this subject "has ever occupied the attention of the Tory party." The thorough knowledge which the editor has of what he is talking about may be at once seen from the fact that he begins his history of the Tory party with Lord Chatham, who was as much a Tory as William Cobbett or Mr. Bright, and no more. "Lord Chatham was prepared," says the editor, "to add 100 new county members to the House of Commons, but also to resist any interference with vested interests." *Argal*, he was a Tory. There is a passage in one of Chatham's letters, of which we dare say Mr. Bulley is ignorant, in which he says:—"For myself, I am resolved to be in earnest for the public, and shall be a scarecrow of violence to the gentle warblers of the grove, the moderate Whigs and temperate statesmen." Did he despise the moderate Whigs because he was a Tory or a Constitutional Reformer? No, but because he habitually allied himself with the Society for the Support of the Bill of Rights, the direct lineal ancestors and founders of the modern Radical party. But the fact that Chatham wished to increase the county members is enough for an editor who has not yet gone below the surface of names. In Chatham's time the county constituencies were the only means of baffling the corrupt intrigues of the Crown, and the only constituencies which could not be bought and sold like goods in market overt by any Indian nabob who wanted to push his own fortunes, and those of the Company. The editor, again, is full of admiration for Pitt's Bill of 1785, which, by all previous writers has been thought so absurd that Pitt must have been utterly insincere in proposing it. Mr. Bulley enlogizes this measure on the ground that it exhibits such a distinct recognition of acquired or prescriptive privilege. How? By proposing to raise a fund for paying the proprietors of disfranchised boroughs an adequate compensation, and then, if they were not content with the sum offered, to leave it out at compound interest until it became an irresistible inducement to them to part with their "property." That is to say, the ownership of a borough was recognised expressly for a public purpose, and yet the owner was left to please himself whether he would comply with the public necessities or not. However, the introduction of this wretched Bill entitles Pitt, in the author's opinion, in spite of what he has just said about Chatham, to be called the First Reformer, and Mr. Disraeli and his followers are "the First Reformer's legitimate political descendants." This is the worst of picking up one's knowledge of history from novels. You get the most beautifully terse view of an epoch in an epigram, but the epigram does sometimes fail to convey the whole comprehensive truth, the many ins and outs of things.

Mr. Disraeli has, no doubt, the knack of inventing very felicitous expressions. His puny imitators try to bend his bow, with an effect that might have been anticipated. "Parliamentary action," says Mr. Bulley, "without the definitiveness of party warfare becomes a chaotic nullity." We at once see the kind of expression on which such a phrase as "chaotic nullity" is modelled, only it is an attempt to be forcible without the force. When Mr. Disraeli called something or somebody an organized hypocrisy, the substance and point of the phrase lay in attributing organization to hypocrisy. But where is the point of attributing chaos to nullity? And it is easy to recognise the source of the feeble sonorosity of such a sentence as this—"It disciplines the irregular action of personal ambition, and renders even egotism subservient to the welfare of the State." This is only a roundabout way of saying the same thing twice over, and it is an especial pity to take this trouble when the thing was not worth saying at all. The vast profundity of these disciples of the Conservative leader in all the principles of political philosophy is quite overwhelming. The Conservative party, we are told, "ask 'What is right?'—their opponents, 'What is expedient?'" They would found their policy on the lessons of the past; their opponents on the crude principles of an abstract philosophy." This is quite charming for its simplicity. We look on with awe as Mr. Disraeli's disciple threads his way, with perfect sureness of foot and unmoved self-possession, among the deep pitfalls which philosophy has for ingenuous youth. The secret of the editor's coolness no doubt is that he has taken care not to sophisticate his mind with what books have said about right and expediency. But let us be sure that we understand.

Mr. Disraeli, for instance, in advocating a reduction of the county franchise to ten pounds for occupiers, did so because such a reduction would be right. Mr. Odgers asks for manhood suffrage, because such an extension would be expedient. Mr. Disraeli upholds Church-rates, because it is right that they should be maintained. Mr. Bright abhors them, because their continuance is inexpedient. There is something fearfully puzzling in Mr. Bulley's subtle distinction between right and expediency in politics. Are we to say that Catholic Emancipation was right or expedient? It was effected by Tories, so we suppose we must call it right. The saying is very dark after all. But the darkness becomes thicker when Mr. Bulley tells us that the Conservatives "would found their policy on the lessons of the past—their opponents on the crude principles of an abstract philosophy." So it is the Radicals, it seems, who insist on carrying out abstract principles and enforcing what they think just and right, whether expedient or not. The Conservatives, on the other hand, study the past, ascertain the policy which has been most conducive to the national interests, and follow it as sedulously as it deserves. This is a provoking discovery for people who have been perplexing themselves as to what the writer meant by the difference between right and expedient, and why he should say that Conservatives follow the first, and Radicals the last. We now find that he did not mean to say this, at all, but just the reverse—though the reader is still left very much in doubt as to the precise difference in meaning between the right and the expedient in politics. One's only plan is to turn to any book on jurisprudence or political philosophy or the philosophy of history, and there it will appear, within twenty pages, that there can be no such difference at all. If Mr. Bulley had only bethought him of spending a couple of hours in mastering the merest elements, the simple phraseology, of political science, he would have done well for himself. At the same time, he would have been ever so much less amusing to other people; so that what was gained in one way would have been lost in another. As in this case the loss would have been ours, perhaps we have no right to complain.

The speeches themselves are obviously of considerable interest at the present juncture. That in which Mr. Disraeli, seven years ago, announced the provisions of the Conservative Reform Bill is one of the soundest and least rhetorical that he ever delivered. It is the least artificial in composition, though probably the speaker never stood in a more artificial attitude. It has perhaps been a graver misfortune than is vulgarly thought, that the distrust of the foreign policy of the Government in the spring of 1859, prevented their Bill from having a fair chance of being discussed on its own merits.

#### OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THE third celebration of the annual contest between Oxford and Cambridge was as successful as its predecessors, and in some respects an improvement upon them. It is a condition of such games that the spectators shall be thoroughly uncomfortable. Last year they were exposed to a driving snow-storm, and this year they suffered from an equally trying east wind. As some thousand persons endured this torment with a resolution worthy of believers in Mr. Kingsley's audacious ode, it is to be presumed that they found compensation in the amusement provided. And, in fact, to that large part of the public who always contemplate athletic contests without any real appreciation of the qualities displayed, a good foot-race is one of the best possible entertainments. A man should be a connoisseur really to take pleasure in a cricket-match. The general crowd only admire a very hard hit which sends a ball a very long way. They pass over the delicate strokes of art, as a fourth-form schoolboy passes over the elegances of the Greek author through whose sentences he is painfully plodding. They are as insensible to the different shades of skill as that judicious wine-drinker was insensible to the flavours of various vintages who commended a bottle of port because it was black, and it was thick, and it made him drunk. They are only struck by those merits which force themselves upon the most sluggish attention. The same want of appreciation must sometimes chill the ardour of those praiseworthy enthusiasts who have been labouring for many weeks to exhibit the perfection of rowing at Putney. Like the good and great of all ages, they must seek for their reward, not in the noisy plaudits of the vulgar, but in the calm and discriminating approval of the select few. It is pleasant to receive the praise of the numerous ladies who always expend immense enthusiasm upon their favourite candidates; but it is melancholy to reflect that that enthusiasm partakes even more than usual of the unreasoning nature of women's partisanship. How can ladies tell whether the beginning is properly caught, whether the men are really putting their backs into it, or whether any other of the precepts of the rowing art are duly and scientifically observed? Complimented oarsmen must sometimes think of Dr. Johnson's delicate reply to Mrs. Montagu. "Pray, Madam, consider what your praise is worth before you choke me with it." Blondin made his impression upon the world by crossing Niagara; but we suspect that, in secret, he prided himself more upon his prowess on the low rope. He must sometimes have felt a pang like Milton's, when the *Paradise Lost* was preferred to *Paradise Regained*.



Now it is true that there are many graces of running and jumping which none but the initiated understand; although we may add that even the initiated do not understand them very well. Success in running depends upon so many things besides mere "form," that even the most critical judges are frequently thrown out in their opinions. No one can really tell by looking at a man what wind he possesses, and still less what his pluck may be; and those two qualities go a long way towards deciding the event of a long race. In looking on at a race, however, the outside world can sympathize much more fully than they can in most contests. The majority of mankind have at any rate a recollection of the miseries of running. They do not perhaps realize the sensation which a winner has near the end of his last mile, when his feet seem to take root in the earth at the end of every stride, and when all his internal organs seem to have been well shaken up, like a medical draught, and to be on the point of bursting their shell. They don't know what it is to be in doubt whether your heart will come into your mouth at the next effort or slip down into your shoes; and they can still less realize the persistency with which a dim figure of your adversary keeps his relative position in spite of your efforts, like an object in a bad dream. But even a Falstaff can faintly guess what would be his sensations if he were bound to run at full speed up Ludgate Hill; he retains certain reminiscences of the days before "sighing and grief had blown him up like a bladder," and knows, therefore, vaguely what running is like. For running, like speech, is more or less common to all mankind. Indeed, the over-corpulent can, in some respects, better sympathize with the pains produced by over-locomotion than their thinner brethren. A running-match thus possesses, as a spectacle, that merit which is essential to dramatic interest; the audience are all more or less able to enter in imagination into the passions of the actors. This, by the way, is one great point of superiority of a human over a horse race. The interest which most people take in horse-racing is purely factitious. Most of it is owing either to the excitement communicated to each other by units of a crowd or to the more ardent pleasure of gambling. The mere sight of a contest between two horses would be thrown away upon most people. It is an insurmountable objection to our sympathizing with a horse that he has got four legs, to say nothing of the other points which distinguish him from the human species. No one can really feel that a quadruped can have much trouble in running; the peculiar annoyance which besets a man in a race is that, when his right leg is tired, he has nothing to depend upon but his left. A kangaroo would be more on a level with our sympathies if he had not an unfair advantage in his tail. But, without pursuing these profound speculations, it may be assumed that we all take a keen interest in a man undergoing intense physical exertion; and that the exertion is in no form made more perceptible to our observation than in the beautiful simplicity of running two miles in ten minutes.

The interest derived from such a spectacle was certainly brought up to a very high pitch on Saturday last. If the plot of the proceedings had been artfully constructed with the express intention of rousing the audience, it could not have culminated in a more skillfully-constructed climax. Most of the races which preceded the final struggle had been surprises. Oxford and Cambridge had each been defeated in contests which they were confident of winning. If Cambridge had won the greatest number of events, Oxford had won those which are most esteemed. Cambridge men had covered themselves and their University with glory, by jumping the unprecedented length of 20 ft. 4 in. and the great height of 5 ft. 6 in. Cambridge, represented by Mr. Pelham, had won the quarter of a mile race in most gallant fashion, and had gained less attractive glory in throwing the weight and the hammer. Oxford, on the other hand, had won the hundred yards, and the hurdle race, though in the latter the defeat of the Cambridge champion was plainly caused by his falling in the race. The mile race, however, was the most interesting contest hitherto determined, and the Oxford runner, Mr. Laing, had not only won, but had gone completely away from his competitors, including the great Cambridge hero, Mr. Lawes. Hence, a victory in the two-mile race would incline the scales of glory in either direction; and in a two-mile race the spectators have time to realize their amusement to the utmost. The excitement is not disposed of in a moment, as in a hundred yards race, and it is not unduly diluted, as in the rather tedious contests for throwing weights and jumping. It gradually rises, too, from the beginning to the end. This is one great point of superiority over a boat-race, where, even if the boats are comparatively even, there is seldom any great change in the prospects of success. The pace of each boat is more nearly uniform, and even a slight advantage generally exhibits itself by a continuous process. But in a long foot-race the chances of the competitors vary at every moment, and the winner cannot call himself happy till he has finished his course. Such especially was the race on Saturday. For the greater part of the distance Mr. Garnett, of Cambridge, struggled with the utmost gameness against Mr. Johnson and Mr. Laing. Towards the end, Mr. Laing, with all the prestige of invincibility, began to show more decidedly in front. Oxford spirits rose until Mr. Long of Cambridge detached himself from the other runners, and began to close with Mr. Laing. When, after racing round the whole of the last lap, Mr. Laing and Mr. Long dashed in neck and neck, the excitement was irrepressible. Such a hard-fought battle, ending in a dead heat, was an excellent conclusion to a very good day's sport, of which

the honours may be said to have been equally divided between the Universities. If an athletic undergraduate reaches the highest possible pitch of pleasure when he screams himself hoarse, which seems to be a reasonable theory, the games must be pronounced a great success. We can only wish it may be a prelude to an equally close contest on the river; for, whatever may be the merits of these newfangled matches between the Universities, they lag behind the good old contests on the river and at Lord's, as the study of metaphysics or chemistry lags behind the old-fashioned classics and mathematics. The great disadvantages which will preserve this inferiority of interest until, what is perhaps no very distant consummation, the Cam is fairly choked with mud, are obvious. One is that there is no clear issue; no one can say whether a University gains more honour by producing a man to jump twenty feet in width, or by finding one to run a hundred yards under ten seconds. No way has hitherto been discovered of summing up the merits, and accurately comparing them, any more than of drawing a parallel between *Hamlet* and Newton's *Principia*. There is the further disadvantage that excellence in running or leaping requires no combination; it is a solitary amusement, which speaks only for the powers of the individual; and, therefore, all that high art which is requisite for choosing and training a crew or an eleven is here out of place, and the interest correspondingly declines. As, however, there are many men who can run and walk to whom no other paths of athletic eminence are open, it is well that such an arena should be prepared for them. In physical as in intellectual study there is nothing like offering a career for every kind of excellence.

There is of course another side to the question. There are many excellent people who think that physical virtues already excite the zeal of too many worshippers, and that it would be more hopeful to see intellect beginning to rise in the academical market. The question is, of course, far too wide for discussion at the end of an article. Moreover, for good or for evil, the advocates of bodily gymnastics have obtained a definite victory. The enthusiasm with which its devotees apply themselves to encouraging their friends to new efforts, and to devising new tests, has overcome all obstacles. The old-fashioned race of schoolmasters, who consulted their dignity by ignoring the cricket-ground, has become pretty nearly extinct, and we may be equally happy to see that the opposite heresy of raising athletic eminence into one of the perfections of the Christian character is also dying out. The heroes of fiction, to whom a certain school was always attributing supernatural thews and sinews as a natural complement to moral virtue, are not so common as they were. We seldom meet with a man now, even in the pages of a novel, who, like a gentleman in *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, passes the interval between acts of devoted charity in running a mile in five minutes, and leaping a five-barred gate at the end of it. The decline of this exaggerated worship is no real loss to the genuine part of the theory. Young men will row quite as well and as enthusiastically, and will be much less likely to develop into pigs, if they are left to love rowing for its own sake. The truth seems to be, that it is the best plan to leave such things to find their own level. The physical energy which finds a vent in athletic sports is a very excellent thing on its own account. It does not require to be unnaturally puffed in sermons, or in that peculiar form of sermon which is imbedded in fictions with a high moral purpose. University authorities should not go out of their way to encourage it, and they have lost the opportunity, if they ever possessed it, of checking its growth. They must be content with free-trade, and endeavour to keep up the intellectual level of their pupils, not by enforcing a useless discipline, but by increasing the temptations to learning which result from an improved distribution of the prizes for intellectual exertion, and a more rational system of education. If young men are tempted, at public schools and Universities, to spend too much time and money in cultivating physical excellence, it is partly because those bodies fail to provide an intellectual education to which either the pupils themselves or their parents are inclined to attach a very high value.

DOGS.

WE have heard of a lady who, on being reproached for taking her dog with her on a visit, retaliated upon her assailant with the accusation, "Why, you take your children!" At the risk of outraging whatever maternal sentiment may exist in the breast of any of our readers, we must own that we think that this was a very legitimate *tu quoque*. The human pet is doubtless a being of higher capabilities, and a more august future, than the canine; but to those who have no personal interest in its possible development, it stands on pretty much the same footing. Both alike are nuisances that we tolerate for the sake of their owners. Whether our friend be a child-lover or a dog-lover, we must take him with his incumbrances. If we wish to enjoy his society, we must be content to turn our drawing-rooms into nurseries or kennels. If we care to return his visits, we must submit to be barked at or fawned upon, stared at or clambered over, according to the instincts of his favourites and the measure of our own philosophy. If we are desirous of listening to his conversation, we must make up our minds to a certain number of anecdotes of his infant's singular forwardness or his puppy's preternatural sagacity. And if we should ever have a fancy for picking a quarrel with him, either the child or the dog will equally serve our purpose, and supply an

occasion for alienating our friend. But though in all these respects a wonderful similarity may be traced between the two, there is one point in which the parallel breaks down, and leaves, strange to say, the child in possession of a certain though limited superiority. A man may reckon up which of his associates has the privilege of being a parent, and when he has done that he knows with reasonable accuracy the extent of his possible sufferings. If his antipathy to children is very acute, he may have, indeed, to weed his acquaintance with an unsparing hand, to decline introductions to any but aged couples whose offspring have either died or never appeared, and to cut the majority of his bachelor friends within a year after their marriage. But if he will consent to take all these precautions, he can secure the accomplishment of his object; whereas the unfortunate dog-hater has no such means of self-defence. He may make a kindred feeling on the subject the condition precedent of every intimacy he forms, and arrange that the whole circle of the houses which he visits shall not contain a single inmate to excite his fears or call forth his indignation. But of what avail will be all these precautions when he cannot cross the threshold of his dwelling without finding his enemy waiting for him at the next corner? The street-boy whom Leech has immortalized may be formidable to old ladies and occasionally disrespectful to the police, or sarcastic upon footmen in livery, but he gives the ordinary passenger but little trouble. The street-dog, on the contrary, is in every large town an institution as ubiquitous as the east wind in March. Poets may describe him as the friend of man, but unfortunately he seems to be perfectly capable of leading a wholly friendless existence. Lodging is not a necessary with him; and as to board, he is content either to trust to the fortune of the gutter, or to wage a predatory warfare upon butchers' shops or unguarded larders. Thus supported, he becomes the Ishmael of the animal creation. His paw is everywhere against his fellow, and his perpetual contest with his own kind is always carried on by preference under the feet of a restive horse, or exactly in the path of a nervous gentleman with a constitutional dread of hydrophobia. Perhaps, however, no one but the unhappy owner of a dog of purer breed and established pedigree knows the real sufferings which it is in the power of the street variety to inflict. The first appearance of the canine aristocrat is the signal for an immediate concourse of ownerless mongrels. The judicious exhibition of a stick may strike some salutary awe into them, in the first instance; but when the combat has commenced the process of identification becomes momentarily more difficult, and the free use of the weapon probably results in the partial disablement of your own property. Peace, too, has its dangers no less than war, and even a free fight is on the whole preferable to illicit fraternization. For pride of caste will too often succumb to the mysterious sympathy of race, and the well-bred dog will for a time cast in his lot with the humblest of his brethren, and expose his sorrowing master to the pangs of present bereavement and the probable expense of future restoration.

The rural variety of the independent or self-sufficing dog differs considerably from his kinsman in the city. The latter is in many cases really without a master. Probably he must at some time have held a servile position, but he has long since become a freed-man, and is now absolutely lord of himself, and a heritage of woe to other people. But the country dog is rarely ownerless. Somewhere or other there is a cottage to which he retires at uncertain intervals to solace himself with human society, and cultivate his best affections in the company of the children of the house. His position in the family is analogous to that of a grown-up son. He goes to work on his own account, and provides his food, so far as his master is concerned, at his own expense. From a sentimental point of view, therefore, the country dog is altogether a superior being to the city dog. He may be a tramp, but he is not an outcast. He shares the hardships of the labouring population, and rather than be a burden on their heavily weighted resources he does a little poaching on his own account, as well as occasionally helping his owners to do a little on theirs. Such a mode of life naturally procures him many enemies, but until now the fight has been carried on on pretty equal terms, and the farmer has disdained to ask for legislative protection against the dog. Nor does it appear that under ordinary circumstances the authority of Parliament would have been invoked to give an unfair advantage to the human combatant. But the cattle plague has developed in the dog a wholly new function. Hitherto he has been formidable among the flocks, now he is far more terrible among the herds. In his attacks upon sheep he has only his natural weapons to trust to; in his dealings with cattle he acts with infinitely more disastrous effect as a convenient channel of infection. In each tumult of freshly turned earth the wandering dog scents the presence of the buried cow. He regards the deposit just in the way that an Arctic traveller views the *cache* of dried meat, as something placed there for his special benefit. For anything we can tell, he may feel keenly the disadvantage of his previous bad reputation, and in that case he will be naturally grateful to the beneficent power which thus enables him to live by the disinterment of dead oxen instead of the slaughter of living sheep. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Ellice complains that, with such an agency as this in full operation, it is almost useless to establish a *cordon* to prevent the movement of diseased cattle. The whole population of a county might strive in vain to establish a *cordon* to prevent the movement of hungry dogs, and the land-owners in some parts of Scotland have applied in despair to the Inland Revenue Office to know whether a cure for the evil might

not be found in a better enforcement of the dog tax. The Inland Revenue Board has given them as little comfort as Boards usually do. As a general principle, the district tax surveyor is bound to assess the owner of every dog liable to the tax, but before doing so he has to "satisfy himself that the dog is not exempted from duty," and it unfortunately happens that the range of the exceptions is far larger than that of the rule. It extends "to all dogs kept for the care of sheep or cattle, or in driving or removing the same, without limit as to number." It would be difficult probably in many country districts to find a single dog who had not been engaged during the year, either as a professional or as an amateur, in one of these vocations; and the consequence is that as "the dogs of tenants (without limit as to rent), shepherds, drovers and butchers, are exempted from duty," the surveyor naturally thinks it as well to leave the district to assess itself.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is so anxious to collect information on the subject that he regretted the rules of the House prevented a member from speaking twice on the same motion, and even talked of the appointment of a Select Committee to secure the "production of all parts of the case in an impartial and effective manner." Whether the subject is sufficiently obscure and sufficiently important to justify the Government in abandoning its ordinary function of initiating legislation we are hardly prepared to say; but we rather think that the reform sketched out by Mr. Gladstone would of itself be comprehensive enough to dispose of the difficulty. In its present form the dog-tax has two vices. Its amount necessitates exemptions, and the mode of its collection opens a way for indiscriminate evasion. It is unreasonable to ask a poor man, however real may be his use for a dog, to pay 12s. a year for the privilege of keeping one, and therefore all the business purposes for which dogs may be lawfully wanted have to be counted as grounds for waiving the claim to the tax. Then, as the charge is in the nature of an assessed tax, and not of a license duty, the owner of the dog has, in the first instance, to make a return, the result of which is that the dog-tax is in fact only a voluntary contribution to the State, fortified by no other sanction than the necessity of declaring that you have correctly returned your liabilities. Under these circumstances, it is rather satisfactory than otherwise to find that the annual income from this source amounts to 170,000*l.* The remedy which Mr. Gladstone suggests is to lower the tax to 5*s.* or even 4*s.*; to abolish all exemptions; and to compel every one who keeps a dog to take out a license for doing so. With the charge thus reduced, there would be no hardship in compelling the man who kept a dog for use to pay a small percentage on the profit derived from its services, while there would be no reason for exempting from payment the man who, with barely sufficient means to maintain himself, chose to maintain an animal in addition. There would still, however, remain the difficulty of tracing the dog to his owner; but this might, we imagine, be removed by requiring every dog to have a collar with the owner's name and address, and authorizing the police to destroy all dogs found at large without this instrument of identification. We do not see that the most ardent dog-lover could reasonably object to such a regulation as this. He could take care that its application should not affect the safety of his own treasure, and even ordinary humanity will suggest that the life of the homeless dog is not so desirable a one as to make us chary of bringing it to a termination.

## REVIEWS.

### FRAGMENTS OF NORMAN HISTORY.\*

WE once before noticed† several historical tracts by M. Léon Puiseux on various points in the history of the Hundred Years' War between England and France. M. Puiseux, however, by no means confines his praiseworthy researches into the history of his native province within the limits of that or any other particular period, and we have before us two other historical essays of his own on two pieces of local history of later date. With these, as connected by a general affinity of subject, we have placed another local essay of the same class by another Norman antiquary.

Of M. Puiseux we have already spoken as a specimen of a class whom we are always glad to come across—the really sound and careful provincial antiquaries of France. Their position is a very favourable one for the development of many good historical qualities. A general historian of France, unless he wishes to run counter to all French national feeling, is bound to pervert every fact which has any reference either to England or to the Empire. No such sad necessity is laid on an historian of Normandy or of Provence. No one is likely to take up such subjects except under the influence of a healthy provincial feeling, and such a healthy provincial feeling will most likely keep him from any wish to pervert anything. But even if it be other-

\* *Rapport sur une Charte relative à l'Histoire Maritime de la Normandie au XVI<sup>e</sup> Siècle.* Par M. L. Puiseux. Paris: Derache. Caen: A. Harel. 1852.

† *Siège du Château de Caen par Louis XIII. Épisode de la Guerre Civile de 1620.* Par M. Léon Puiseux. Caen: Le Gost-Clérisse. 1856.

*Essai Historique sur le Château de Bar près Bayeux.* Par M. le Vicomte H. de Toustain. Caen: Le Gost-Clérisse. 1865.

† *Saturday Review*, May 27, 1865.



wise, the facts, when seen face to face as the provincial historian sees them, are almost too strong for perversion. Things which are seen dimly at the distance of Paris are visible enough at Caen or at Besançon. To M. Puiseux in particular every English reader ought to take kindly. He most commonly chooses subjects which have a special interest for Englishmen, and he never treats them in such a way that they can possibly offend Englishmen. Indeed we are half inclined to adopt M. Puiseux as a brother. It would not exactly do to call him an Englishman, but he is what, among Romance-speaking people, comes the nearest to it. In everything that he writes, he shows himself, in the most marked and unmistakeable way, to be a Norman and not a Frenchman.

The first paper on our list is an essay on a commission issued by Edward the Sixth to certain commissioners to treat with certain French commissioners as to the mutual infractions of the Peace lately concluded between England and France with her ally Scotland. This was the Peace of 1550, which gave up Henry's conquest of Boulogne. M. Puiseux fixes the date of the commission to May 10th, 1551, on the strength of a nearly identical commission for dealing with the same class of mutual grievances between England and Scotland. The whole matter throws a good deal of light on the state of maritime affairs in the sixteenth century. A division of labour has since taken place on the high seas, which has made a wide distinction between the royal ship of war, the merchant vessel, and the pirate. In those days the three occupations were still largely mingled together. The same ship and the same crew might easily act in all three characters, if not exactly at the same moment, yet at no very remote periods of their lives. Kings were beginning to form navies, but it was still common, especially among the Kings of France, to press merchant vessels into the royal service, or to call on the maritime towns to supply ships for the purpose. A merchant ship was fitter for such a use than would be the case now, because a mercantile voyage, in any part of the world, then implied a certain risk of fighting, just as is still the case in some parts of the Eastern Seas. And the mercantile marine, being thus adapted to act as a military marine, not uncommonly did a little fighting on its own account, sometimes under letters of marque from its sovereign, sometimes without any licence at all. The vessels of one nation made war or contracted alliances with the vessels of another nation without any regard to the diplomatic relations existing between their several governments. The maritime towns acted pretty much like independent commonwealths. In short, private war survived at sea longer than on land, just as piracy commonly survives brigandage. At this particular time the regular navy of France consisted mainly of galleys, which were intended for Mediterranean service, and whose occasional appearance on the ocean was looked upon as a wonder. For a war with England therefore the Kings of France had chiefly to rely on these half-mercantile, half-piratical vessels, employed in the royal service for the time of the war. The very conclusion of peace, in such a state of things, in fact increased some of the evils of war. A great number of seafaring men with arms in their hands were thrown out of employment, and they were often tempted to irregular depredations which were really worse than those which they had before carried on by the authority of their several governments. Two centuries and a half earlier, a maritime war was carried on between the subjects of Edward the First and Philip the Fair for some while before there were any regular hostilities on the part of the two kings. So now a maritime war was continued between the subjects of Edward the Sixth and Henry the Second for some while after peace had been concluded between the two kings. As M. Puiseux says:—

La paix était rétablie entre les souverains : il n'en était pas de même entre les peuples. Notre charte constate que, nonobstant le traité, le commerce n'était pas libre, que les marchands des deux nations étaient victimes de violences et de pirateries qui pouvaient engendrer de graves complications. Quels étaient la nature et le caractère de ces pirateries ? Ce que j'ai dit plus haut de la composition des flottes l'explique naturellement. Tous ces gens de mer que la cessation de la guerre avait congédiés revenaient difficilement à des habitudes pacifiques et continuaient tant sur mer que sur les côtes, en France, en Angleterre et en Écosse, à se maltraiter et à se piller réciproquement.

M. Puiseux goes on to give a good many details of the sort of universal piracy which went on; but one is more surprised to find sailors suddenly turning into land-robbers against the subjects of their own prince:—

En 1547 et en 1549 les galères du roi, commandées par Léon Strozzi, stationnèrent pendant plusieurs mois dans le port de Rouen. Les marins qui les montaient, hommes violents et dissolus, se répandaient dans les campagnes, insultant les femmes, battant les hommes et prenant tout ce qui était à leur convenance. Ils jetèrent à la mer un riche marchand de Toulouse, poursuivirent et tuèrent un homme jusque dans l'église Notre-Dame. Un jour même la population s'étant mise en défense, ils tirèrent à boulets de leurs galères sur la ville. Le Parlement de Rouen se plaignit au roi; l'amiral Strozzi nargua publiquement les conseillers, et les excès de ses gens restèrent impunis.

M. Puiseux's second essay describes the recovery—it really hardly amounted to a siege—of the castle of Caen by Louis the Thirteenth during his short war with his mother and her partisans in 1620. There is something amazing, during all this period of French history, in the utterly reckless way in which the French princes and nobles rushed into civil war on the slightest provocation, and also in the easy way in which each rebellion got compromised or looked over. The whole thing seems a sort of joke; we read of a war beginning and ending, without getting any clear

idea either why it began, or why, having begun, it came to an end. Even in the wars of religion, where real principles were at stake on both sides, one is amazed at the ease with which men first took up arms and then laid them down again. Even a war of religion seems to have been, in the eyes of a Frenchman, a sort of pastime, and not the serious business which it was either in England or in Germany. And a war like that with which we have now to deal, a mere squabble among courtiers, assumes a lighter character still. It is not merely that the insurrections are easily put down, which may be simply a question of physical force; the whole thing does not seem to be serious on either side. Wyatt's rebellion in Queen Mary's time, and several other English rebellions in the same century, were easily put down, because the insurgents were very much the weaker party; but neither side looked on the matter as a joke. But here the Duke of Longueville, the Grand-Prior of Vendôme, and other great nobles, are dissatisfied with the state of things at court; the Duke of Luyne, his brothers, his wife, have too much influence, and they have too little. So they fly to arms without rhyme or reason, and they submit without rhyme or reason. The war consists in holding fortresses against the King and in surrendering them to the King as soon as he comes near them. The Duke of Longueville, Governor of Normandy before the rebellion, is Governor of Normandy again after it. The whole thing is, as M. Puiseux calls it, "une querelle de cordons bleus." Or, in the words of Sismondi, "Le mouvement des mécontents n'avait été qu'un caprice; il n'était soutenu par aucune passion populaire; ils n'avaient en eux-mêmes aucune volonté forte, aucun chef ne dirigeait leur ambition, aussi, après avoir étourdiment rompu la paix, ils manquaient d'énergie pour faire la guerre." The only serious result was the development of a military spirit in the breast of the young King. Louis was personally brave, and in this short war he learned, and acquired a fondness for, the details of the military art. On the strength of this he fancied himself a great general, and acquired a love of warfare which influenced the remainder of his reign.

M. Puiseux's business lies of course with the local aspect of the matter—with what concerns the town and castle of Caen. The castle was held for the Grand-Prior of Vendôme by a captain named Prudent, who had once been a mason, and whose name and former trade naturally gave rise to a good many jokes. Of course "the traitorous position of bearing arms by the King's authority against his person" was as well known in France then as it was twenty years later in England; Captain Prudent and the Grand-Prior his master held the castle only to preserve it for a sovereign oppressed and held in bondage by his evil favourites. The position of the town of Caen and its magistrates was a difficult one. These were loyal, but their loyalty was not very fervent, not at all the sort of loyalty which leads men to martyrdom. They wished to see the castle return to the King's obedience, but they wished still more to avoid receiving the King's garrison into their city. If they did, the rebels in the castle would most likely fire upon the town, and the King's garrison would most likely do at least as much mischief as the rebels. M. de Bellefonds, a former governor of Caen, comes with letters from the King, urging an immediate assault upon the castle. The King's interests, according to the cautious magistrates, will be injured rather than promoted by so rash an attempt. But will they not allow the castle to be blockaded by two hundred men? Not at all; such a blockade would only provoke the rebels to fire, and the King's cause could be much better served by dissimulation. So the mayor and echevins appointed an extraordinary commission, called the "*Conseil du corps de la ville*," consisting of twenty-four citizens of various ranks, including themselves, and, what should be noticed, also including two members of the Reformed religion. This body conducted themselves with great prudence. They determined in no way to commit themselves to the cause of the defenders of the castle, but to keep up a good understanding with them; in no way to violate their loyalty to the King, but to give up the command of the city to no one except the King in person. They sent deputies to confer with Captain Prudent, who cajoled him into giving up the keys of the town. They then sent to the King, asking for his immediate presence. After ten days he came, and was received by the citizens with as much ceremony as circumstances allowed. The castle was summoned to surrender, and a little firing took place on both sides. But Prudent, who had hitherto made his soldiers believe that he held the castle for the King, could no longer keep up the delusion now that the King was actually to be seen in person on the other side. The soldiers, who had no reason on earth for rebellion, refused to act against their sovereign. There was nothing very wonderful in this, without supposing, with a contemporary writer, that there is a certain superhuman power in the look of a King:—

"Car," dit René Barry, "le visage des souverains a quelque chose de plus particulier que n'a celui des autres hommes; et il est ordinairement accompagné de je ne sçay quel mélange qui donne de la tendresse aux plus insensibles et de la terreur aux plus résolus."

When it came to this, Prudent had nothing to do but to surrender. Strange to say, there are two contemporary accounts of this surrender which are utterly contradictory. One makes him surrender at discretion; the other gives the text of an elaborate capitulation between him and the King. Anyhow no harm happened to him or to anybody else concerned. But the surrender of the castle of Caen was the end of the war; Louis had now little to do but to march from Caen to the Loire, and to receive the

submission of all the revolted places on his road. The wise policy of the magistrates of Caen had, in M. Puisieux's view, put down the rebellion:—

On a pu sourire au récit des embarras conjurés pour désespérer nos bons déchevins; n'admirer qu'avec réserve ces faux-fuyants, ces prudentes manœuvres, cette sagesse normande enfin, par où ils surent se maintenir dans le devoir et se mettre à l'abri des coups. Mais, en vérité, n'avaient-ils pas mille fois raison, et leur conduite n'était-elle pas la meilleure? Aucun intérêt vraiment national n'était en jeu; aucun de ces principes qu'on peut, qu'on doit maintenir au prix des plus grands sacrifices. Était-ce de l'héroïsme, par hasard, que de braver la mitraille du château ou les horreurs d'une prise d'assaut, que d'appeler la destruction sur une population entière, sur de magnifiques monuments, orgueil héréditaire de la cité; le tout pour le plus grand avantage de MM. de Luynes ou de Vendôme; pour une querelle de cordons-bleus? Déjà les guerres de religion avaient coûté à la ville la grande flèche centrale de St-Etienne et la splendide église du Sépulcre; le clocher de St-Pierre, ce joyau ciselé, portait encore les cicatrices récentes de coups presque mortels. Si les habitants de Caen, si les archéologues n'ont pas eu à déplorer de plus grands désastres, ils le doivent aux magistrats avisés, autant que sages qui gouvernaient la cité en 1620.

Our other Norman antiquary, the Viscount de Toustain, is by no means so good a Norman as his fellow-labourer. In his eyes the Kings of England and Dukes of Normandy are "grands malfaiteurs," which they hardly are in the eyes of M. Puisieux. And the following sentence is suited rather for the atmosphere of Paris than for that of Caen:—

La dernière heure avait sonné pour les ducs de Normandie de la maison de Plantagenet; le roi Philippe-Auguste réunit leur duché à la couronne de France en 1204, après qu'il eût été pendant deux cent quatre-vingt-douze ans sous une domination étrangère.

That William the Conqueror was a stranger in Normandy is news to us, and we should think it must be equally news to M. Puisieux. Still the Viscount de Toustain has hit on an interesting subject, and one closely connected with both Norman and English history. Of the castle of Bur near Bayeux scarcely a trace remains; but it was a favourite residence of some of the stranger Dukes, and was the scene of some important events during their reigns. It is, however, curious enough that Bur comes into importance just at the time when the Dukes of Normandy and Kings of England really began to be strangers both to England and to Normandy. Little or nothing is heard of the castle before the time of Henry of Anjou, and then we begin to hear a great deal of it. He often held his court there, and he was there when he uttered the hasty words which led to the death of Thomas of Canterbury. A Norman antiquary however should, if only for the credit of his own country, be better versed in the results of recent criticism than to suppose, at this time of day, that Thomas, the son of a Norman father and a Norman mother, had a Saracen for either parent. Richard the Fourth led too wandering a life to be very often at any one place, but he too appears at Bur on more than one occasion, and John dates from there some of his last acts before the foreign domination came to an end. Normandy, "reunited" to the crown of Paris, sinks into a province, and Bur ceased to be the dwelling-place of Kings or Dukes. It remained thenceforth a royal possession, and retained the name of Bur le Roy. We end with the Viscount's last notice, including the denunciation of the great malefactors:—

Il est probable que les derniers vestiges des constructions seigneuriales n'auront pas survécu à tous les désastres de la guerre de Cent-Ans. Les historiens anglais, eux-mêmes, avouent que les gens de l'armée d'Edouard III chevauchaient dans les villes champêtres, ardent et détruisant tout dans leur marche, de Corisy à Caen. Les chapelles avaient seules résisté; la négligence en a laissé disperser les dernières pierres; il n'en reste plus rien aujourd'hui, et c'est à peine si l'on peut en montrer l'emplacement. Pourtant, encore en 1719, François Eury, seigneur et patron de Noron, se plaignait que certains malfaiteurs avaient tué ses pigeons sur sa terre de Bur-le-Roy, où lui seul a colombier. (Mémoires de M. Pluquet.) Nous voici bien loin des grands malfaiteurs, Ducs de Normandie et Rois d'Angleterre.

#### SANS MERCI.\*

THE author of *Guy Livingstone* is a clever writer, who depicts bold rouses and fashionable Delilahs with much enthusiasm, and in a style the tawdry flashiness of which is suited to the subject. An atmosphere of languid divans, velvet cushions, flashing jewels, rare wines, tobacco-smoke, ecarté, flowers, perfumed beauty, and kid-glove ruffians steams up from every page; and scraps of French, and continual references to the knightly days of old, attest the scholarship and chivalrous learning of the author. If a troop of crusaders had got loose into the Haymarket, and required a troubadour to sing of their daring amatory exploits, they could not hit upon a better candidate for the post. The author of *Guy Livingstone* is too moral a novelist to be even indirectly an apologist for sin. But "such things are." The world being made up of beautiful adulteresses, of unscrupulous but fascinating dragoons, of gamblers, and loungers who like to be petted by other men's wives, and other men's wives who like to pet them, with a sprinkling of honest country gentlemen who ride splendidly after hounds, and have no notion of all the wickedness about them, why should not the world be delineated as it is? All this is very sad, and the author is too scrupulous to profess that it is right. In common with all moralists, he dislikes and deplores vice. But if he is to have vice, he likes it served up in a luxurious way, with bits of Alfred de Musset to give it an educated flavour, and a dash of old chronicles to remind him of

Lancelot and of Guinevere. Men and women in the nineteenth century cannot help the fever in their blood; the men cannot help wishing to be Don Juans, and women must be, as Heaven has made them, infernally distracting; but at least we can all of us endeavour, to look like Holbein's pictures, and set our teeth, and die hard, and take the buffeting of fortune with a courtly smile, and a hum French song, and, if the worst come to the worst, poison ourselves with an air of polished stateliness. In this sorrowful and imperfect dispensation there are not, after all, so many things much nobler than a raffish, seductive, ferocious, duelling foreign count. A fine old English squire, who never distrusts his wife, till he finds her out, is of course higher. But everybody cannot be a fine old English squire, wrapt up in his pheasants and his dogs; and if everybody was, the wives and mothers of the country would not stand it. What so many English ladies, being frail mortal creatures, do like is depicted in *Sans Merci*; and though no Polish count comes in person on the stage, his virtues are there, and shine grandly on us from the various characters who supply his place. Life is life, and must be painted as it appears; and the author of *Sans Merci* paints it with a fine free literary swing, which is admirably fitted to do justice to the merits of any fictitious hero who can succeed in uniting the courageous tastes and the fashionable elegance of the crusader and the billiard-marker.

The heroines of *Sans Merci* are a little meretricious and frivolous, but they have at all events one merit—they are all pretty. The author of *Guy Livingstone*, with great good sense, has no notion of wasting his powers on creating ugly ladies. He is quite right. There is no sort of use in doing so. Feminine artists have a moral duty to perform. It is their business to prevent handsome women from having it all their own way; and lest governesses, or blue-stockings, or really plain girls should be discouraged, or fall out of the running, feminine writers have a kindly way of helping the weaker specimens of their sex, and putting occasionally an ugly but loveable heroine in the front of the battle. But a male novelist cannot see things in this philanthropic light, or squander romantic material for the sake of giving a lift to the governess world. The author of *Guy Livingstone* obeys a pardonable and natural instinct in liking to have his heroines well-made and good-looking, and as it is as easy to make them one thing as another, his taste for paper beauties can be cheaply and plentifully indulged. Lady Laura Brancepeth accordingly drives about in her phaeton in haughty beauty, with full firm lips and bold bright eyes, graceful and careless, prodigal of her smiles, and chary of her sighs. Blanche Ellerslie, who trips delicately over the pavement to her pony carriage, round which lounge three or four officers in mufti, has a pair of large liquid eyes of a colour ever changing; and when she speaks, there is a plaintiveness in her low sweet voice, as if she sought for sympathy in some secret sorrow. Yet, "O my friend," continues the author, addressing himself very affably to the general reader, in that flattering familiar way novelists have when they wish to be thoroughly engaging, "I bid you beware. Blanche Ellerslie has wrought as much mischief in her time as any Vivien of them all, and is still insatiate of conquest." Then there is Bessie Standen, the low-born beauty, with golden hair, an aquiline nose, "a broad white brow overhanging the splendours of brightest blue eyes, less apt to melt than to sparkle," and a "glorious complexion, in which red and white are too rarely mixed for imitation by any human hand." Marion Charteris, with rare beauty of a peculiar type, which gorgeous masses of rich red hair does not injure, looks like a masterpiece of Tintoretto. And, finally, we have the Belle Dame sans merci, Lady Dorrillon now, Flora Bellays that was in the days when Guy Livingstone was to the fore. She is so lovely as not merely to take away our own breath, but to take away the author's breath too. "More years ago than are pleasant to count, I, who write, tried to sketch that same face; and failed, I dare say, as I surely should fail now." This way of getting over the difficulty strikes us as being quite original and ingenious. For fear that any one should think that the author's description is ineffective, he takes the precaution of warning us that he has got in his mind's eye an idea of beauty which he never can expect to express, and the bare conception of which positively knocks him down. We are ready to believe that he is trying to think of something ineffably beautiful, and can only sympathize with the hard necessities of novel-writing which require him to make an effort to tell us what his thought is like:—

A few summers have passed over her head since she first sat for her portrait; but no shadow of change has marred her royal beauty. The superb figure has fulfilled the promise of youth; no more the severest sculptor could not wish it lighter by a line; the bright healthy blood mantles as richly as ever under the soft olive skin; but the clear rose tint is not a whit too warm in colour; the features, though they bear the stamp of strong passions and stronger will, are still matchless in delicacy and refinement of outline; more liquidly lustrous than ever, dream or glitter the fathomless hazel eyes.

If Lady Dorrillon's eyes go on in this way, getting more and more liquidly lustrous every time the author tries to think of her, we cannot wonder that his difficulties in telling us about her increase. She has already got a "loveliness that absolutely kills" the outward attractions of other women, and what on earth she is as she appears to the inward soul of her novelist, if this is a weak delineation of her, Heaven alone can tell; and the reader never can hope to understand.

It is pleasing to think that the male Don Juans who have to

\* *Sans Merci*; or, *Kestrels and Falcons*. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone." 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.



cope with all this galaxy of beauty are themselves by no means unequal, as far as personal appearance is concerned, to the task. Vincent Flemmyng, the youngest of the seductive lot, reproduces the best points of his mother's face in his own—great delicacy, regularity of outline, dark expressive eyes, and a complexion very clear though pale. Lord Ransborough, who is attached to Mrs. Charteris, is tall and dark, with hair and beard trimmed after a foreign fashion, and features decidedly attractive in spite of the utter languor that pervades them and broods in the large sleepy eyes. Strangers looking on him thought it a jest when told that he is one of the hardest men over a country that ever sat in saddle, and that seldom has fleetest or stauncher stalker dealt death among the deer. Bertie Grenvil, called—or as the author of *Sans Merci* in his own graceful way would perhaps say, "yclept"—by his friends the Cherub, has soft chestnut hair that brushes the tresses of his partner in the waltz, and a low musical voice, murmuring broken sentences that furnish her with texts for after meditations. On this occasion he contents himself with flirting with the betrothed of a stout country rector. "I doubt if, during the next week at least, she will hear the heavy step of her plethoric affianced without a guilty shudder of repugnance." Vereker Vane, the military lounge, who is dancing, when we first meet them, with Blanche Ellerslie, is still more striking. His soldier face is set, and his eyes are glittering with a sort of fierce eagerness. "Even so may have looked some tawny-haired rover in the rough old times—carrying off his beautiful prize through shivering lances, or over angry waters." These and other lovely and dangerous loungers make up the array. The time to see some of them at least in all their beauty is when the ladies have retired, and the gentlemen are gathered in the smoking-room. The author of *Sans Merci* lingers fondly over their smoking-costume, and their dressing-gowns, in a fashion which teaches us how on such occasions that noblest of God's creatures, the nineteenth century crusader, should be dressed. The grand beings who set their teeth hard and make love to their neighbour's wives are always picturesque. You may know nature's gentleman not merely by his cynical audacity, and his bold disregard of the seventh commandment, but by his dressing-gown as well:—

The three (Bertie Grenvil, Cecil Castlemaine, and Denzil Ransborough)—sitting side by side, as it chanced—make rather a picturesque group from the very contrast of colouring.

The Cherub is a thing of beauty indeed; in rich maroon velvet, brodered down every seam with glittering arabesques; his small shapely feet, cased in slippers to match, bearing his monogram in heavy raised gold. Ransborough is in velvet too; blue black as his own hair and eyes, unrelieved by a single thread or stitch of lighter colour; the effect is good; albeit intensely sombre; he might have stepped out of the frame of a picture painted in Venice ten score years ago. Beyond him is Castlemaine; scarcely less magnificent than the Cherub, but in a very different style. With the present curt fashion of lounging attire Cecil will have thought to do; his portly figure, on these occasions, is ever draped in an ample dressing robe such as Eastern looms can weave, wherein hues, gorgeous in themselves, are so deeply blended that they produce but a softened harmony. On the opposite side of the hearth is De Visme, in sad-coloured raiment, perhaps more costly than the other three; for that russet fabric is worth more than its weight in gold, even in the shadow of Kashmirian hills.

The author of *Sans Merci*, as we saw above, knows and uses the full privileges of fiction. It is no more trouble to have a heroine with lustrous eyes that baffle description than to have one of a plainer pattern, and it is no more cost to him to turn out his heroes with dressing-gowns from Kashmere than from Piccadilly. It reminds one of the liberality of the Scotch teetotalist, who, in his moments of prodigality, used to exclaim—"Hang expense! let's have another bottle." Dressing-gowns from Kashmere may be worth more than "their weight in gold," but the author of *Sans Merci*, when he imagines a dressing-gown, likes to imagine a good one, and says very wisely—"Hang expense, let us go at once to Kashmere." And to Kashmere accordingly, in a princely and noble way, he goes.

The plot of the story turns on a danger to which Marion Charteris has exposed herself, and on the method by which the cruel Flora, the Belle Dame *sans merci*, rescues her from the same. Marion Charteris is left by her husband at Rome, and amuses herself during his absence in a perilous flirtation with Vincent Flemmyng, to whom she writes in a fit of enthusiasm, a fatally compromising letter. Vincent Flemmyng is a selfish and ungenerous man. He keeps the letter, and reappears with it in his possession at her Charteris Royal country-house, where all the company of the piece are assembled, determined so to use his advantage as to bend Marion to his will. Poor, frightened, dove-like Marion flutters to the side of Lady Dorrillon, and confides to her the secret. Vincent will not give her back her letter, and by this time she sorely repents her of writing it, and is no longer in love with her young admirer. Flora Dorrillon undertakes to save her, which she does by allowing her own fatal spell to fall on the impassible Vincent. He becomes of course bewitched; for who can withstand Lady Dorrillon, or how many lives have her awful charms not withered? "Bewitched. It is a pretty word to write. Do you know what it means sometimes?" says the author, addressing himself again in his usual affable and interrogative way to the general reader:—

It means that a mind has become suddenly warped and marred, as a body might be by a palsy stroke; so that the plainest precepts of laws, divine or human, seem weary lessons learnt by rote long ago, and not worth remembering; it means that a man would stab his best friend in the back to win one of the witch's smiles; and rob an altar to buy gewgaws for a white neck or rounded arms; and trail his family honour in the mud, like a 'hreadbare coat, to keep a wanton's slipper unsoiled.

Being thus bewitched, Vincent surrenders Marion's letters to Lady Dorrillon's keeping. But not for that does he win Lady Dorrillon. At last, wearied by his assiduity, she lets him know how he has been duped. It is a powerful and passionate scene. He stoops down over her, hoarsely whispers a frightful and unprintable curse with white writhing lips in her ear, leaves the mark of purple finger prints on her firm white arm, and darts, with death on his face, from her house. "Did you ever read 'The Lay of the Brown Rosary'?" again asks the interrogative author. Because, if we ever did, we may know that the curse, which really cannot be given in detail, was like the curse of the buried nun in that poem. Vincent Flemmyng, having uttered it, has nothing left but to poison himself; and—let me speak the truth even to the miserable end, to which request we can only reply, "By all means speak away."—Vincent Flemmyng died, as he had lived, a professed and consistent infidel. Lady Dorrillon hears of her new victim without remorse, though with a natural horror. While she is being told, her husband enters from the background. Turning in surprise and amazement, the narrator of Vincent's tragic close finds himself face to face with Sir Marmaduke Dorrillon. "With his spare erect figure and rigid features, framed in the dark curtained doorway, the new comer looked like some grim masterpiece of Holbein."

It would probably be useless to suggest to the author of *Guy Livingstone* and of *Sans Merci* to have done with all this pernicious and tawdry view of life, and to change once for all his favourite subject, and his way of treating it. But at any rate he might in mercy spare us a number of literary tricks, the repetition of which becomes insupportable to the reader. If he has anything to say, surely he might say it simply and plainly, without all the graces and turns and mannerisms, and "Ah, me!" and "I think," and "I doubt not," and "Did you ever read," and "Have you ever seen," that are merely irritating and wearisome. And we do not really believe that it is a proof of romantic genius to put nouns after their verbs, and to say what is to be said upside down. Why, for instance, if allusion is to be made to the late Mr. Leech, is it necessary to make it in such a sentence as the following:—"Not in this generation, I think, shall the painter arise, able to wield the pencil that dropped from those deft fingers, all too soon." Perhaps, however, it is natural that an author, whose taste for creating nineteenth-century crusaders and Flora Dorrillons is happily a peculiar one, should also have his own peculiar views about literary elegance.

#### MEDIOCRE POETRY.

THERE are two kinds of people who, without sufficient vigour or depth of feeling to raise them to the height of true poetry, still are driven by a strange intellectual restlessness to express such slender emotion as they have in verse. It would be too harsh to accuse them of simply yielding to a petty and unreasonable vanity. There are foolish lads and silly maidens, it is true, who write, and even publish, nonsense out of sheer conceit. But there are a good many minor poets who do not compose nonsense, and yet do not compose poetry either. They look at life through their feelings, and so far are of the poetic temper, but from want either of culture or favouring circumstances, or force and depth of character, they never succeed in getting off the ground. The last is probably the secret of nine failures out of ten, not only in poetry, but in every other form of literary enterprise. Of the verse-writers who, for lack of vigour, fail to rise above the most undeniable mediocrity, some have taken to composition out of a strong natural proclivity, and others by the force of acquired ideas stimulating a temperament that was fairly sensitive to begin with. Of these two sorts of mediocre poetry the two volumes of verses before us are very fair examples. Mr. Bradbury, as a page in his book informs us, is self-taught, and has risen from the ranks. Mrs. Kemble's mere name is a sufficient warranty that she is familiar with cultivated and artistic traditions. In both writers there is more or less of sincerity—or, as poetical critics generally call it, unconsciousness—of genuine feeling, and of a power of rhythmical expression. The feeling is not transparently artificial and simulated, as it always is with the sort of youths who used to imitate Lord Byron, and who now imitate sometimes Shelley and sometimes Mr. Tennyson, according to their bent. But in neither volume will the lover of poetry—that is, either of deep thought strongly coloured with emotion, or else of deep feeling vigorously expressed and adorned with the products of imagination stirred by feeling—find much to give him pleasure. For, in spite of a crude notion to the contrary—so fallacious that it would be a wonder how it ever got a footing, if it were not that the crudest notions about art are precisely those which meet with the readiest and widest acceptance—a keen poetic sensibility is no measure of the power of poetic expression, or of the art of evoking sympathy in the minds of others who are equally or more sensitive. "The poet is born," we know, but not every one that is thus constitutionally endowed with the poetic temper can lay claim to an intuitive knowledge of the poetic art. To succeed here, he must have a vigour, a concentration, a faculty of wide observing, which a poet, like the rest of us, can only acquire if at all by practice and industry. However, as neither Mrs. Kemble nor Mr. Bradbury

\* *Lyrical Fancies*. By S. H. Bradbury (Quallon). London: E. Moxon & Co. 1866.

*Poems*. By Frances Anne Kemble. London: E. Moxon & Co. 1866.

is likely to claim seriously a place among the half-dozen giants who divide among them the great poetic supremacy, it is scarcely worth while, perhaps even scarcely just, to enter too far into the first principles of creative genius. Though there are certainly a great many persons of far profounder sensibility than either of our present versifiers who never composed a stanza in their lives, still the fact of possessing an inclination to write verses at all takes anybody out of the deadly dry and commonplace class. But there is a commonplace in sensibility. Most people see the sea break "on its cold grey stones," and "the long light shake across the lakes," without having their pulse stirred, or having a single tender or graceful or pathetic association suggested. But, even of those to whom these sights really give a degree of imaginative pleasure, the majority are only alive to that pleasure in a very commonplace way. The images that are suggested, and the associations that are called up, do not ascend into the loftier and more remote recesses of passion or feeling. Either Mrs. Kemble's or Mr. Bradbury's verses illustrate equally well this kind of incapacity.

For instance, under the title of "The Poetry of Earth," Mr. Bradbury writes a description of a pleasant day in the country, when all nature seems to smile:—

Old earth in vernal beauty lies,  
The trees bow to the flowers,  
A mellow glory floods the skies,  
The grass is bathed with showers.  
A calm sweet spirit walks the air,  
Each leaf and blossom thrills;  
This ruddy morn all things are fair,  
From sky to plashing rills.

The banks are sunlit, and the moss  
Is cool with glittering dew,  
Wild hyacinths the low winds toss,  
Clouds part with azure views.  
The odours from the new mown hay  
Run through each leafy bush,  
The violets from each woodland way  
Send up a purple blush.

This is very neat and very true, and there are two more stanzas in the same style; but where is the poetry of earth? Nearly all Mr. Bradbury's pieces exhibit the same thin sensuousness. He is always inviting summer to come again with "green, green leaves," or begging some maiden to stay with him in the dell when "the white moon floods the skies," or thinking little superficial commonplace thoughts about our mortal lot on bridges at midnight, or in "twilight reveries," while the number of distracting maidens, with every variety of hair and complexion, is positively countless. Some of the love songs are graceful enough, but very, very thin. When the poet ceases for a moment, now and then, from these or else from simple but pretty descriptions of natural objects, he becomes but the echo of a living poet, whose influence at the present day it would require a stronger originality than Mr. Bradbury's to enable any versifier to resist. We know pretty nearly all that is going to be said in "A Fragment," or anything else which opens thus:—

I believe in all that is good in man,  
In every creed,  
That helps to form and mould a nobler plan,  
From errors freed.  
I honour the rich and pity the proud  
In every sphere;  
Whenever I gaze on the toiling crowd  
My heart is there.

In order to compare the poet with the poetess, we shall do well to select a gloomy subject, for gloom appears to be the favourite medium through which Mrs. Kemble surveys life and things in general. Mr. Bradbury, with his Ada and Lady Gertrude and Lady Alice, and we know not how many more, is naturally not often in a melancholy mood. On one occasion, however, he seems to have been constrained to write some verses "In Sorrow":—

The wondrous wheels of life will turn  
When I am seen on earth no more,  
The sun as bright in heaven will burn,  
The sea still flap the tawny shore;  
The daisies still will snow the sod,  
The vestal snowdrop sweetly spring,  
The heavens reflect the power of God,  
The woods with birds' loud warblings ring.  
Sad thoughts of that dread time come on;  
What is our doom when life is spent?  
Our joys as soon as seen are gone,  
Appear but for one moment sent.  
Would I could live as lives the rose,  
Unconscious of a time of gloom,  
Or be the humblest flower that grows,  
Forgotten when I ceased to bloom!  
This life, so short, so full of fears,  
Has only fitful dreams of rest:  
Where are the eyes that shed no tears?  
And where is one unswerving best?

And so on. One instantly detects the want of momentum and concentrated force. This is just the sort of sorrow which a person of rather more than ordinary sensibility might feel in a general kind of way; but there is no size nor depth about it, such as might touch all mankind. Compare it, for example, with Burns's fine ode entitled "Despondency." Compare the cry—

O life, thou art a galling load,  
Along a rough, a weary road,  
To wretches such as I!

with talk about preferring to be the humblest flower that grows,

and the like. We immediately detect the measure of our mediocre poet's thinness. Mrs. Kemble, as we have said, is a poetess of acquired ideas, and her verses therefore have an air of being more artificial. Hence, too, her partiality for the sonnet. There is no sign in her volume that she has more depth of feeling than Mr. Bradbury, but her verses serve to show how far cultivation may help to supply the lack of natural force and pliancy. For example:—

But to be still! oh, but to cease awhile  
The panting breath and hurrying steps of life,  
The sights, the sounds, the struggle, and the strife  
Of hourly being; the sharp, biting file  
Of action, fretting on the tightened chain  
Of rough existence; all that is not pain,  
But bitter weariness; oh! to be free  
But for a while from conscious entity!  
To shut the banging doors and windows wide  
Of restless sense, and let the soul abide  
Darkly and stilly, for a little space,  
Gathering its strength up to pursue the race;  
Oh, heavens! to rest a moment, but to rest  
From this quick, gasping life, were to be blest!

There is not much superiority of thought here over Mr. Bradbury's lines "In Sorrow," but the varnish is very different, and makes the sonnet far the more effective of the two pieces. Very often the varnish is too strong for the body and colour, only even in this case cultivation tells enormously. Perhaps to this very cultivation, given to a temperament only moderately poetic, must be ascribed Mrs. Kemble's chief defect—an absence of anything like buoyancy. It is hard to illustrate this without lengthier quotations than the reader would care to have to meditate upon. But any dozen lines, selected almost at random, are enough to show what we mean. Here are some verses entitled "A Wish":—

Let me not die for ever! when I'm laid  
In the cold earth; but let my memory  
Live still among ye, like the evening shade,  
That o'er the sinking day steals placidly.  
Let me not be forgotten! though the knell  
Has tolled for me its solemn lullaby;  
Let me not be forgotten! though I dwell  
For ever now in death's obscurity.  
Yet oh! upon the emblazoned leaf of fame,  
Trace not a record, not a line for me,  
But let the lips I loved oft breathe my name,  
And in your hearts enshrine my memory!

The thought here is so very much on the surface that vividness and freshness in the setting are the only things that could impart any sort of worth to it. But Mrs. Kemble has not the art of putting this spirit of movement into her verse. She mistakes sombreness for pathos, and heaviness for force. Her verses are very polished, but we nowhere feel the airy, buoyant tread of the poet. It is not merely that she almost invariably takes the gloomy side of life. Circumstances might give this tinge to a profoundly poetic nature. But there is a fatal want of glow and fervour. On the whole, like all other mediocre verses, these two volumes confirm the rule that no poems are worth reading except the best—best, that is, each after its kind—and this is especially true of lyrics.

#### HISTORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

IN a history of the British navy extending over eleven hundred years it is difficult to select any particular period for special notice. The volume before us gives a clear description of the exploits of Blake under Cromwell, of Monk and Prince Rupert under Charles II., and of Rooke and Shovel under Queen Anne. About the middle of the eighteenth century, Hawke and Boscawen began that course of triumphs which was continued by Rodney, Howe, and Jervis, until, under Nelson's leadership, our fleets became so completely and invariably victorious that no European enemy ventured any longer to contend against them.

From the time of Blake to that of Duncan, the most obstinate of our naval battles were with the Dutch. Many of those battles lasted two or three days, and were fought within sight of our own shores. In the first engagement of the war under Charles II.,

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,  
Whom sea-green sirens from the rocks lament.

This battle was fought near Lowestoft, and Rear-Admiral Lawson was sent on shore wounded at Greenwich, where he died. Notwithstanding all the changes which time has wrought since Dryden sang of the naval glories of the House of Stuart, there are still sirens alongshore between Lowestoft and Greenwich, but the epithet "sea-green" is not perhaps so well applicable to these sirens as to their victims. In the second year of this war the French had joined the Dutch, and Prince Rupert had gone to meet the former, while Monk (now Duke of Albemarle) awaited the latter under De Ruyter, pretty nearly on the old fighting-ground. "There was little manoeuvring; all was plain hard fighting." Monk was surprised by the magnitude of De Ruyter's force, but in stubborn endurance he was unsurpassed, and the thought of retreat never entered into his mind. For two long days he had sustained an unequal combat, and "he was beginning to apprehend the total destruction of his fleet, when, on the third day, he was rejoined by Rupert." The foregoing specimens of Mr. Yonge's prose are probably better adapted to a

\* *The History of the British Navy, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time.* By C. D. Yonge. 2 vols. Vol. I. London: Richard Bentley. 1863.



description of Monk's conduct than is the poetry of Dryden. Yet the noble lines which Dryden has put into the mouth of Monk might well have been spoken on such an occasion by a more imaginative naval hero:

"That happy sun," said he, "will rise again,  
Who twice victorious did our navy see;  
And I alone must view him rise in vain,  
Without one ray of all his star for me."

"Yet, like an English general will I die,  
And all the ocean make my spacious grave:  
Women and onwards on the land may lie;  
The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave."

After two days more of equally hard fighting the British Admirals drew off, "acknowledging," says Mr. Yonge, "a defeat which was no disgrace." Next year our fleets had been reduced, under the pretext that peace was near; but no armistice had been agreed upon, and in June, 1667, De Ruyter sailed into the Thames. Batteries had been commenced the year before, but were not completed. De Ruyter took Sheerness, and ships were sunk at Woolwich and Blackwall to impede his further progress. London owed to Monk her preservation from the greatest danger which has ever threatened her; but the disgrace of being thus insulted in their own harbours might well appear intolerable to the countrymen of Blake.

Between Blake, "who brought ships to contemn castles on shore," and Nelson, who brought them to contemn everything, the greatest name in British naval history is that of Rodney, to whom his country owed the splendid finish of an inglorious war. France had acknowledged the independence of the revolted American Colonies, and had signed a treaty with them as the United States. War followed between France and England, and even before it had been formally declared Admiral Keppel was sent with a fleet to cruise off Brest. The popularity of this Admiral, which is still attested by public-house signboards, was due to the political as well as professional prominence which he attained. He had refused a command on the American coast because he disapproved our treatment of the colonists. He had now under his orders thirty sail of the line, and among his captains were Jervis, afterwards Lord St. Vincent, and Alexander Hood, afterwards Lord Bridport. A few leagues to the west of Ushant he encountered the French Admiral, D'Orvilliers, with an equal force. In those days the French were always, and we were often, cautious. After an indecisive battle, in which it appeared, by argument rather than by results, that the English had gained a victory, both fleets returned to harbour. But the effort to fit out our fleet had been great, and murmurs arose at the disproportionate character of its exploits. Keppel was intimate with the leaders of Opposition, while his second in command, Palliser, was a Lord of Admiralty, and both the Admirals had seats in Parliament. Government took no favourable notice of Keppel's conduct, while the Opposition magnified the battle into a triumph and the Admiral into a hero. The controversy thus aroused went to the usual length in the press and in Parliament. The Admiralty ordered a court-martial on Keppel, while he still held command of the Channel fleet; and he was tried at Portsmouth, where all the leaders of Opposition, including Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, mustered to attend him daily to the Court. His acquittal was celebrated by general illuminations and by riots, in which the houses of his opponents were attacked by mobs. A court-martial was then held on Palliser, and he also was acquitted. Keppel never went to sea again, but he afterwards became a peer, and presided over the Admiralty with zeal, energy, and judgment. To him is due the general adoption of copper-sheathing for ships' bottoms. Before his time, our cruisers used to become foul, and lose their speed, after a few months at sea, just as iron ships do now. It is probable, however, that Keppel owes his eminence on signboards, not to this or any other improvement in naval administration, but to the political excitement, and consequent absorption of strong liquors, which his trial caused. He might have truly said—

Exegi monumentum ære perennius;

for he is likely to be remembered, not only while copper-sheathing is used by ships, but also as long as beer is drunk in public-houses.

In the spring of 1779 Spain allied herself with France, and the two Powers combined to do their utmost to take Gibraltar. Blockading the fortress by sea and land, they endeavoured to deter us from relieving it by threatening invasion of our own shores. A combined French and Spanish fleet of sixty-six sail of the line entered the Channel, and advanced as far as Plymouth. Sir Charles Hardy, who had succeeded Keppel in command of our fleet, could not, with the utmost exertion, collect more than forty-six ships. But under this great disparity of force he sailed from Spithead westward, and offered to the enemy an opportunity for battle, which was not accepted. The naval operations of the war in Europe had henceforth reference principally to Gibraltar. We were obliged to keep a squadron on the North American coast to support our army, and another to check the French and Spaniards in the West Indies; and it was on these stations that Rodney, Howe, and Hood rendered conspicuous services. Early in 1780, Rodney, who was ordered to relieve Gibraltar before sailing to America, fell in with a Spanish fleet of inferior force off Cape St. Vincent, and captured the greater part of it. This blow ensured for a year the safety both of Gibraltar and Minorca, and the merit of the exploit may perhaps be enhanced by observing that, to perform it, Rodney had crossed the Bay of Biscay, with a large fleet and

convoy, in the month of January. Proceeding to the West Indies, he found M. de Guichen, with a superior French fleet, preparing to attack St. Lucia. The enemy, declining Rodney's offer of battle, retired to Martinique. When they next put to sea, the misconduct of some of Rodney's captains deprived him of victory when his own seamanship and bravery had brought it within his grasp. By skilful manoeuvres he gained the wind of the enemy, and had it in his power to compel them to fight. If he had also had it in his power to compel his own ships to fight, a general battle might have ensued. But the brunt of the engagement was borne by Rodney's flagship and a few others. The bulk of the fleet was disposed to let the French alone, and as the French were disposed to let them alone, the result was not disastrous to either side. Rodney brought the commanders of two ships to court-martial for misconduct in this action; and they were cashiered, and he refused certificates of good conduct to about half of the remaining captains. Towards summer, a Spanish fleet joined the French at Martinique, and thus Rodney found himself in the presence of enemies of double his own force; but they did not attack him, nor did he attack them, and after a month of inactivity the allies separated. In the winter, Rodney was joined, as second in command, by Sir Samuel Hood, who shared with him the glories of the famous battle which finished the war. Unfortunately Rodney became involved about this time in a conflict in which neither skill nor valour could avail him anything. We were now at war with Holland, and orders were sent to Rodney to capture the Dutch settlement of St. Eustatia, which had, as a convenient neutral station, become the storehouse of all our enemies. A large part of the property captured at St. Eustatia belonged to British traders who, as was alleged, carried on a secret commerce with our revolted colonies. However this might be, it is certain that Rodney's energetic service of his country upon this occasion brought him into harassing litigation with some of his own countrymen. In July, 1781, failure of health compelled Rodney to return home, and Hood found himself early next year in presence of M. de Grasse with a superior French fleet, against which he had to defend what remained to England of the West Indies. At this time, be it remembered, we had failed, with enormous loss, in all our efforts to subdue the revolted provinces, and France, Spain, and Holland were combined against us. The French fleet under De Grasse attacked St. Christopher's, and Hood, with odds of three to two against him, attempted to save that important island. The French, when the British came in sight, sailed forth to meet them, and "Hood, by a series of masterly manoeuvres, worked round De Grasse so completely as to occupy the anchorage which he had just quitted, and thus to place his fleet between the island and the enemy which was threatening it." This is one of many examples showing that the British possessed over their European rivals, throughout the latter half of the eighteenth century, an incontestable superiority in seamanship. Our ships were smaller and slower than the French ships, but we handled them with a skill which none but kindred people have approached. When one reads of an English frigate "looking into" Brest harbour and counting thirty sail of the line at anchor there, one is almost tempted to regret that steam should ever have been invented. But the skill of Hood could not save St. Christopher's, which was captured by a French land force under the Marquis de Bouillé, the same officer who afterwards nearly rescued the King of France from his own people. When Rodney returned from England, Jamaica and three other islands were all that remained to us of our possessions in those seas.

Lord Sandwich, who appointed Rodney to command, affirmed that the fate of the Empire was in his hands. But shortly after he sailed, a change of government occurred, and Keppel, who succeeded Lord Sandwich at the Admiralty, immediately recalled Rodney. The force of party spirit could no further go than this; but, happily, the order of recall did not arrive until Rodney had gained his ever memorable victory over De Grasse. When day broke on the 12th of April, 1782, Rodney, who had manoeuvred with his usual skill, had gained the wind of his antagonist, and with it the power of bringing him to action. The moment that it was light enough for his signals to be seen, Rodney attacked, and at seven o'clock the battle began. The British fleet consisted of thirty-six sail of the line, and the French of thirty-four; but our numerical superiority was more than counterbalanced by the superior size of the enemy's ships. The presence on board the French fleet of an army destined for the conquest of Jamaica was a questionable advantage. It has been on many occasions the ill fortune of French soldiers to witness naval disasters which they could not avert, and wherein they only helped to swell the list of victims. As the battle which we are now, with Mr. Yonge's aid, attempting to describe lasted the whole day, it may be necessary to explain how it was possible to take so much time about it. The British fleet bore down in a compact line of battle, each ship ranging close to an antagonist. The battle soon became general, and for some hours the two fleets, lying in parallel lines, kept up "a ceaseless fire," by which, however, no ship was either sunk or compelled to yield. About noon the breeze freshened and the smoke cleared off, and thus Rodney was enabled to execute a decisive movement. The French line had become disordered, and near the centre there was a slight opening, for which Rodney caused the *Formidable* to be steered. He was followed by all the ships of his centre division, and he thus doubled on the French division which he had cut off, and placed it between two fires. We doubt whether Mr. Yonge's description of Rodney's manoeuvre is quite accurate; but we

should despair of making our own conception of it intelligible without a diagram. The result, however, was that the French fleet was divided into two parts, and one part was overpowered before the other could help it. But under this disadvantage the French struggled gallantly until after sunset. The closing event of the day was the surrender of De Grasse's flagship, the *Ville de Paris*, of 110 guns, which was in size and armament very superior to any ship in the British fleet. There were five other prizes taken in the action, and two afterwards, and one French ship was sunk. Unfortunately, the noblest trophy of this battle was lost in a hurricane in crossing the Atlantic; but a new *Ville de Paris*, the work of British hands, preserved the memory of Rodney's victory, and carried in after years the flag of Admiral Cornwallis, who having, as captain of the *Canada*, been foremost among the assailants of De Grasse's ship, commanded our Channel fleet in many a weary cruise off Brest. The Opposition of that period could have wished nothing worse to the Government than that it should have ordered the recall of the greatest, up to that day, of our naval heroes. Rejoicing at such a deliverance from imminent peril might well be general; and it is probable that the plaintiffs in actions against Rodney, arising out of his capture of St. Eustatia, viewed with satisfaction a victory which enhanced the capacity of the defendant to pay damages. Of course Rodney was made a peer, and Hood was made an Irish baron. It is somewhere stated that the careers of the brothers Hood, which ended in peerages and chief command of fleets, began by their running away from school to go to sea.

We pass lightly over the latter portion of this volume, because, of all British naval wars; that with the French Republic and Empire is the best known. Yet it may be well to mention that on the 15th of April, 1797, Lord Bridport made the signal to the Channel fleet to prepare to weigh anchor, and it was disobeyed. This was the beginning of that mutiny at Spithead which seemed the greatest of all the dangers which had ever threatened England. It was followed by the mutiny at the Nore. Next year Ireland was in rebellion, and a French squadron was in Killala Bay. Looking back upon these passages of our history, it becomes as to behave as

Fortes peioraque passi,

when we hear of Fenianism existing even in our army. In that same year 1798 was gained the most complete of naval victories at the Nile. Nelson, after many weeks of weary search, found the French fleet at anchor, and determined instantly to attack it, although the day was waning, and the coast unknown to him. His leading ships, sounding as they advanced, passed between the French ships and the shore, so as to assail them on the side where they were least prepared. This movement, which was decisive of the battle, would not have been thought possible by any seamen except our own under the command of Nelson. The ships which followed kept outside the French line, so as to place it between two fires. Thus one portion of that line was hopelessly overmatched, while the other portion, among shoals and darkness, could not move to its assistance. Of thirteen line-of-battle ships only two escaped; and, if Nelson had not been wounded, he would probably have accounted for the whole fleet. Mr. Yonge's description of this battle is usefully illustrated by a plan. He writes clearly, but with little animation; and we cannot help thinking that his predecessor in the same field of labour, Mr. James, although much more precise in details, had more feeling for the picturesque. Mr. James tells us how the *Swiftsure*, coming late into the battle, encountered a ship which showed no light, and was about to fire into her, when a preliminary hail was answered by the words "*Bellerophon*, going out of action dismasted." This ship had been in close action with the French three-decker *L'Orient*, which afterwards took fire and blew up, thus adding a peculiar and terrific grandeur to the night-battle in Aboukir Bay. That battle will never be adequately described until a pen like that of Napier shall write the history of the British navy.

#### OVER THE PYRENEES.

THIS is a little book which a reviewer can only handle in fear and trembling. It is not that the knowledge displayed is very recondite or the art very refined. But the author belongs to a class which makes peculiar claims to respectful treatment. Most of us have had occasion to make acquaintance with people who have a genius for being unfairly handled; they never get into a cab without being overcharged, or take a house which does not swarm with bugs, or enter an hotel which is not filled with the most offensive of travellers. Such persons would perhaps be bearable if these accumulated misfortunes were ever in the smallest degree attributable to their own misconduct. This, however, is never the case; they are invariably in the right in every dispute. But a malignant fate pursues them; an unconscious conspiracy of the rest of the human race persecutes them in their down-sitting and their uprising; or perhaps they have an occult power of attracting insults from mankind as a conductor attracts lightning. They go through the world like an electric eel through a shoal of harmless fish, giving and receiving shocks at every turn, and yet with a complete justifica-

tion in each particular case. These are the people who find out that the race of servants is degenerating, and that no housemaid or cook will stay in a good place for a week. They frequently conceive themselves to have a talent for diplomacy, in obedience to that curious law which so often makes a tragic actor pride himself on his powers in comedy, or a dwarf take special pleasure in adorning his person; and when a discriminating Government has entrusted them with a commission to an outlandish part of the earth, they bring on some of those charming little international disputes, in the Sandwich Islands or Central America, for which our minor diplomatists have a just reputation. But perhaps they never shine more than as travellers. No one is more in want of lubricating oil to smooth his passage through the world than the traveller by profession. These persons seem to be absolutely devoid of that excellent secretion; they move through a foreign country with the maximum friction obtainable; their course is marked by a continuous series of small injuries from every one they meet. Porters, omnibus conductors, railway-guards, hotel-keepers, fellow-travellers, natives and officials, are always cruelly treading upon their toes, digging them in the ribs, and generally making life a burden to them. We do not venture to account for the strange phenomenon. Providence has decided, and, as General Jackson observed, "perhaps wisely," that these harmless innocents should be the butts of incessant bullying; we admit the fact, without rashly endeavouring to explain them, as other mysterious dispensations should be admitted. We only add that, when the sufferer is armed in all the panoply of the unprotected female, the suffering both of herself and her neighbours reaches its highest point. We cannot even console ourselves by railing against the innocent cause of all this annoyance, as is the ordinary way of the world. Critics are sometimes accused of inflicting punishment upon literary offenders, without distinction of age or sex; but even the harshest critic must shrink from casting another stone at a lady who has already been the victim of unwearied persecution.

For this reason we find it almost impossible to say anything against Miss Eyre. She evidently looks upon critics as a malicious race, and is constantly throwing in little anticipatory taunts at these enemies of the human race. She writes in the spirit of the proverbial Irishman going through Donnybrook Fair. "Will any gentleman just have the kindness to find fault with her? She mentions at one place the fact that she carried her own carpet-bag—a proceeding which we hasten to say was, in our opinion, justifiable, if not positively worthy of the highest praise. If it were only common amongst ladies on their travels, a good deal of vexation would be spared to the other half of the human race. But Miss Eyre expects that she will be cruelly blamed for this little bit of history. "I put this in," she says, "as a titbit for my critics to feed on; who one and all object, not to my book, but to my economising francs and half-francs, and carrying my own carpet-bag." And she proceeds to promise that if any of her critics are near death, and will, kindly remembering her poverty and hard way of life, leave her five thousand pounds, she will give up economising half-francs. Now, heaven forbid that we should find fault with Miss Eyre for economising half-francs or half-centimes, if she likes it, or for carrying her own carpet-bag from London to Granada. But if we might venture timidly to hint our conjecture, it would be that Miss Eyre had slightly misunderstood her critics. They can hardly object to her economy, or even, as she afterwards suggests, to her description of bugs. But they may not un-naturally have thought that, however exemplary the economy may be, and whatever light she may have thrown upon bedroom entomology, these topics are not sufficient to furnish the whole material of a book of travels. There are many things very interesting to us in our daily life of which no one should be ashamed, but which become rather tiresome when described at full length in a book. And Miss Eyre's work is devoted, in our opinion, rather too exclusively to the many impositions from which she suffered; not that we doubt her having been perfectly right in every individual quarrel. Her narrative produces no disapproval in our minds, but only a faint wonder that any one should persevere in a pilgrimage with peas boiled so very hard. Miss Eyre, however, is very frank as to her motives for travelling; she travels because her publisher was pleased with a former work, called *A Lady's Walks in the South of France*, and requested her to travel in Spain to write another. Whenever a stupid official doubts whether to let her pass, she confutes him by pointing out that she is travelling as an author; when a native shows her any incivility, she tells him that she will put him into her book. She meets a wretched Spaniard at Granada, and after a short conversation, in which he ventured to defend his country, "my Spaniard," as she elegantly describes it, "was shut up." The rash man, however, tried to revive upon another topic of discussion, and told her that she was to blame for walking about alone, contrary to the custom of the country, a practice which had led to her being hooted in the streets. She comes down upon the bold controversialist with conclusive effect: "I do not come," she says, "for pleasure, but for duty. My profession is that of a writer; my last work on France was very favourably received by the public, and my publisher asked me to write a similar tour in Spain. It was my duty to accept the offer, and to labour in the field God appointed me"—which proves that Spanish street boys have been guilty of something like impiety in insulting her. The wretched Spaniard still made a faint struggle. "At all events," he said, "I hope you will not abuse Spain in your book." But Miss Eyre

\* *Over the Pyrenees into Spain*. By Mary Eyre. London: Richard Bentley. 1865.



was pitiless. "I mean to abuse it heartily, señor"—a pledge, we may remark, which she has fully kept; and after pointing out that those who blame a nation's defects do it a service, she adds that she shall declare that no woman ought to travel in Spain alone. The Spaniard replied, very graciously, "You will do quite right to say that;" and the remainder of the company expressed their full agreement with him in chorus, and hastily retired. They could hardly have put it better and more civilly.

The series of adventures which Miss Eyre was unfortunate enough to encounter were of the kind which may be anticipated from the spirit in which she travelled. She gets through France pretty comfortably, although she points with extreme indignation at all the items of an hotel bill for four days. As Miss Eyre was unwell and unable to eat, this bill was more moderate than the landlady liked—amounting, in fact, to nineteen francs and a half. Four and a half francs of this sum were charged for *dégradation du tapis de dessous le lit*, which Miss Eyre explains to mean that her dog had lain upon the carpet, and "left thereon a few hairs;" and to this enormity she recurs afterwards with evident indignation. She was also cheated by the railway officials on her return through France, but with these exceptions she seems to have escaped pretty well. Her sufferings began more seriously with her entrance into the queer little republic of Andorra. Some people have absurdly "lauded the pure manners of the Andorrans." Miss Eyre found them out. They are immoral, murderously inclined, and utterly uncivilized. In the first day, two shepherd boys threw a big stone at her, which severely wounded her head, and nearly made her faint; her guide neglected her shamefully, and her sleep was broken by bugs and fleas; besides which, poor Keeper, her dog, was thoroughly miserable. Then she met a Frenchman, who told her the most frightful stories about the murders committed in Andorra. This gentleman took her one day to see certain hot springs; the women and children followed them "with cries and execrations," and her guide spoke sharply to them. Shortly afterwards he said significantly, "Have you a knife?"—"only a pen-knife."—"Bon! Give it me, I may want it. It is possible that the husbands or lovers of these women may follow and attack me, and I am unarmed, while no Andorran goes without his gun or dagger, and generally both." Miss Eyre was evidently startled by the picture of this Frenchman defending himself with her pen-knife against the murderers armed with gun and dagger. She drew the philosophical conclusion that all republics were dreadful places, from the huge one of America to the pocket republic of Andorra. As she proceeded, however, she must have found reason to change her opinion in some degree. For she discovers the Spaniards to be even worse. "There is no true manliness, no pity for the weakness of women and children, in the Spaniard's heart; they are, as a class, brutalised, degraded, and debased. The more I see of them the more I abhor them; and from Ariège to Spain illustrates the three degrees of comparison: the Ariégais are bad; the Andorrans worse; the Spaniards worst of all!" The extreme bitterness of this and some similar utterances may be partly explained by the fact that Miss Eyre seems to have written her book as she travelled. She tells us on leaving Spain that she had passed only one night untroubled by noxious insects, as she certainly never passed a day without being cheated, insulted, or annoyed by sheer stupidity, and she cannot often have been in a good temper. She seems to have sat down and consoled herself for her daily miseries by exposing her tormentors in the pages of this book. A wretched guide, whom she engaged at Andorra, in that spirit of wanton persecution which animated every one who met Miss Eyre, insisted upon working up her mule's saddle into a sharp point instead of a comfortable hollow. For some days she is tortured by this cruel device, of which the purpose was to induce her to vacate the saddle in his favour; she gloats over the thought of disappointing him of his expected gratuity at the end of the journey; she almost relents on discovering that he is fond of his wife and children; but at length she resolves upon vengeance, and reports at full the impressive oration with which she refused the five francs. This thought of punishing her oppressors—if not on the spot, in her book—seems to have given her the only consolation of which she was capable. We do not wonder, however, that she found it rather dull, or that she rather astonished a waiter at a French inn by the cheerful remark, "La mort, c'est tout ce que nous avons de plus belle—la vie est un malheur; heureux ceux qui meurent jeunes." The waiter did not agree with her, but then he was not an unprotected female travelling amidst the taunts and cruelties of the outside world.

The book may be read not without amusement by those who do not seek in travels for a description of the country visited, but for an exhibition of character. Miss Eyre is the type of a class which is far from rare, but which most people will find it pleasanter to study in books than in practice. We hope, however, that if the generous public, to which Miss Eyre appeals from her critics, calls for another work of travels, she may be induced to visit some district less full of perils and annoyances for the unprotected female. The book reads a little too much like those volumes which are kept at foreign inns, to be filled up with the complaints of a series of ill-tempered Englishmen.

## THE STORY OF A LIFE.

WE have long been under a constant dread that the egregious popular favour expended upon the *Proverbial Philosophy* would be the means of raising up a whole school of literature in imitation of that model, with Mr. Tupper for its laureate. The contagion of that sickly example has from time to time made itself manifest in symptoms of a more or less decisive type. But we were never made aware how marked a character the pest had begun to assume, or in how low a type it could settle upon the intellect, until we took up what professes to be a collection of poetry, entitled the *Story of a Life*, from the leading subject of the compilation. To whatever bathos of platitude, of mock heroics, or stilted sentiment, the mind of man has proved itself capable of descending, there is always, it would appear, a lower depth of inanity and drivel to be opened, and a brain of the appropriate calibre ready and eager for the plunge into it. We are told by naturalists of the wonderful links of gradation and interdependence which exist in the realm of animal life. From one end of the scale of organized being to the other, there runs a diminishing series of creatures, smaller and weaker forms perpetually hanging on to and drawing their sustenance from those a degree superior to themselves. We can never get to the last step in this descent of parasitic growth. Even what seem to the eye at first sight infinitesimally mean, petty, and insignificant, prove themselves competent to engender or to sustain a further brood of proportions, it may be, microscopically minute:—

Great fleas have little fleas and other fleas to bite 'em,  
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so ad infinitum.

It needs but a glance of the naked eye to see where the *Story of a Life* has fixed its poetical suckers, though it might be thought hard to conceive nutriment being drawn from such a vein of a kind or degree to sustain even the lowest form of intellectual life. Whatever tincture of poetic truth or vigour may have been latent in the essence of the original work is here certainly traceable only in the tenth or twentieth dilution. The writer himself, it may be observed, is modestly alive to the homoeopathic degree of power or originality which belongs to his verses. In the opening line he apostrophizes them as "weak word-echoes of the Spirit-voice," though whether the Spirit of which they are the echo is the impersonal genius of Poetry in the abstract, or its living embodiment and impersonation in the *Proverbial Philosopher*, he has left us altogether ignorant. Seeing that they but "disturb the thoughts they strive to tell," it is perhaps best that the writer abstains from analysing too intensely the depths of his own consciousness, and prefers giving us the results of his theory of life without going fully into the metaphysics of the process itself. Not that time has been wanting for the task of penetrating the depths of his soul, or secreting the twaddle that he thinks the right thing to "arouse the inert moods of men," and "cause them give an earnest ear and heed to those fine ever present harmonies latent within their souls." It appears that to realize the ideal of his soul in the incubation of this volume cost him as many years as Jacob spent in toiling in succession for each of his wives. And this gives occasion to as odd a distribution of its contents as ever crossed the fancy of man.

Poets of lesser merit have made us familiar with the division into "fyttes" or cantos, as well as into books. Herodotus pitched upon the Muses, Homer, or his editors, are content with the numerals expressed in Greek by letters of the alphabet. Scheherazade spun out her nights' entertainments to a thousand and one. Boetaccio compressed his to ten. Mr. Gibbs prefers the precedent of the Queen of Navarre, and proceeds to ticket the sections of his new heptameron with the names of the days of the week—"seven years' writing for seven days' reading." It may be that he has dabbled in the Colenso controversy, or followed Dr. Cumming in his speculations upon Genesis, so as to have got a notion of the "year-day" hypothesis, and to have conceived the new and happy thought of turning it thus to practical account. Or he may have simply thought the contents of his book too concentrated or too potent for a single draught, and so has cautiously prescribed a seventh portion to be taken once a day for a week consecutively. Perhaps a spoonful or two will satisfy our readers how they are likely to feel after taking the entire course, or whether they would be disposed to go on further with the mixture as before. The first, or Monday's, dose, we would premise, is made up of the actual *Story of a Life*, of which we get a first and second sequel on the two following days. Two lesser fragments are thrown in between, possibly with the idea of taking the taste of the more serious mixture out of our mouths. Not that they are particularly sugary or succulent morsels, being of a kind that has become somewhat stale and insipid through being of late unduly urged upon the public palate. "What is Life" is the text of a sort of sermon in rhyme to "that restless fretful insect called man;" and "An Address to Working Men" is a combination of the stock lecture at the opening of an industrial exhibition with a stump speech from the Lambeth hustings, done into the jingle of verse. The main story of the whole has indeed what may be called a highly medicinal flavour. The plot is made to turn upon the mischief to body and mind entailed by marriage "too near in blood." The mixture of the prosaic element of physiology with

the more ethereal one of poetry is not a little singular. We cannot say that the ingredients blend very well together. There is, first, a model wife and mother. Her name we are not told; but this is less important than the fact that she was "bright, genial, prudent, kindly, wise," and "moved amongst her children like a queen." These pledges, with full free developed minds and bodies, are paragons of the nursery; "whether for study, play, meal, exercise, equally ready, joyous, thankful, docile." There is the "mother's chief prime minister," the "self-reliant sunny Margaret," lithe as a young panther, "to run, to leap, to draw the winged arrow to the head, even to fence—for her brother's sake, who else had wanted an antagonist." There is the gentle Eva, soft and meditative, but in season quietly gay "with merry quips of clear keen reasoning," and a contrast to "restless bold-eyed Harold, mischief's chief." "Sweet docile Mabel" and imperious Maude, with the blue-eyed beauty Lilian, make up the sum total of olive-branches over whom the happy head of the family tree "stood like 'authority' behind the throne." Why, then, we are challenged to answer, "lurked the deadly serpent in that house"? Whence came the "canker in this golden fruit"? The solution is one we feel it our duty to quote, for the sake of all whom it concerns:—

Listen and heed it well, ye maidens fair,  
Who stand in dangerous dear relationship  
To stripling cousins growing into men.

The author does not seem to have met with the recent thesis of an eminent member of the faculty of Paris, read before the Academy of Sciences, (*Comptes Rendus*, Jan. 26, 1863), in which the question of consanguinity in its supposed effects upon offspring is treated with the most scientific precision, and the results of observation stated in a series of the most crucial cases. The conclusion come to by M. Bourgeois is that in no instance has madness, idiocy, or physical deterioration been known to follow from connections even within the limits of lawful affinity, where no previous taint of the kind was traceable in either parent, or no incidental cause existed in the individual instance. But, in epic fictions like the *Story of a Life*, nothing so prosaic as scientific facts or statistics can be suffered to stand in the way of the author's theory. Unconscious of their doom, the little victims play, till the catastrophe comes like a thunder-clap upon the nursery group. There is a sublimity worthy the notice of Burke or Longinus, and a degree of terror such as to satisfy Aristotle's strictest canon in tragic art, in fixing the scene and the accessories for the descent of the vengeance of heaven "upon the innocent from foregone wrong." The most sublime effects are no doubt those which are worked out by the most simple means, and there is more real tragedy in the sudden wreck of quiet homely, domestic joys than in the more dramatic downfall of many a noble or imperial race. It is not at the Feast of Belshazzar that the just anger of heaven speaks in the most blasting characters, nor is it the banquet of Thyestes from which the sun turns away his face with the greatest thrill of horror. The scene here is the early nursery dinner:—

One mid-day, at the children's meal presiding,  
As was her constant and love-cherished custom,  
She, who altho' of her own self regardless,  
For them was ever for their health's sake lavish,  
With a wise lavishness in change of diet;—  
She who most cheerfully denied herself,  
That they might fare the better, joying much  
To watch their naive outspoken childish glee  
At simple dainties or small delicacies:—  
She (I say), thus generous to a fault,  
Now—with an angry movement sudden rose,  
Demanding wildly, why such costly food  
Should be prepared for children?

We are afraid that many a British materfamilias has been driven of late to demand, with much the same degree of wildness, why the appetites of her youthful cherubs should tell with so frightful a cost upon the weekly bills. But there has happily, so far as we know, been, in ordinary cases, sufficient recollection and self-control to keep the most thrifty or excitable housewife outside the walls of Bedlam. In the case of the domestic tragedy before us, it would appear that neither the cattle plague nor the conspiracy of butchers as yet existed to raise the nursery shoulder of mutton to the price of venison, and introduce a kind of maniacal frenzy into the best regulated families. Nor yet have we the comfort of thinking that an outbreak so terrible can be but an emanation of the author's genius, the last contribution to the sensational incidents of modern fiction. It is, he tells us, "no subtle cobweb of the brain, woven to thrill you with a new sensation, but dreadful, awful truth:—"

The good nurse  
Looked up amazed from where she sat to tend  
The last fair rosbud; as she looked, a thrill  
Of nameless horror curdled thro' her blood.  
To see that wild dilated eye and quivering lip,  
The aimless gesture, and the staggering clutch  
At something that was nothing but the air;  
For it shot thro' her like a lightning gleam,  
"Great God of Heaven, mistress has gone mad!"

Who can follow up the dreadful theme? Through dread of perpetuating the family curse, the father tries to break off poor Eva's engagement to "young Arnold of the Grange," packing off that ardent but unsophisticated young man from the country on a fool's errand, to clear up some imaginary scandal against him in Australia. On his return Arnold insists on urging his claims in the teeth of the father's warnings, and as a penalty, loses his

bride in childbirth within the twelvemonth. Margaret and her lover more circumspectly sit in conclave over the family skeleton, and so she and George Glenroy, "high in the law and reaching higher still," promise and vow to live for each other in solitude apart all their years, and do so. The father dies of remorse and grief, and his estate disappears, though the pecuniary ruin of the children is, we must say, rather an extra penalty for the sin of marrying first cousins. However, Arnold, the widower, takes care of the whole as long as we see anything of them. His little Eva pines away under the "reek of hot unhealthy August" in London, and the "tall gaunt form" of this luckless witness to the writer's crotchets, the ills of "near marriages in blood," is henceforth seen among the "casuals" and other objects of social and sanitary science, where "rough lads and brazen girls," not to speak of "scolding shrews and surly artisans," delight to yield him "rough instinctive reverence."

It is hardly fair to put forth with any claim to originality to downright a plagiarism upon both the spirit and the letter of Mr. Tupper as the eulogium upon "Love Divine," which is set down as a part of our Sunday's reading, and of which we extract a specimen:—

Then the blinding dust of cares in the world's struggling battle-  
field is laid;

Then the distracting din of strife and action ceaseth, and is still;  
Then the deadening clouds that hang on our horizon break away,  
And, radiant with new purpose, strength, holiness, and beauty,  
Our lives shine forth again, ennobled by the dignity of duty.

At times the author can fly at higher game, and is not too modest to match his frieze with cloth of gold, as appears from "An Attempt at a Completion of Lord Macaulay's 'Armada.'" If the mediums are correct in assuring us that the spirits of the departed keep up their acquaintance with what is going on upon the earth, no words can express our sympathy with the unhappy ghost that must be vexed by seeing the fashion in which his story of the great fight is "completed" here:—

Yea, the great lords armed their servants, and the knights, esquires,  
and farmers  
Ransacked lumber-rooms and garrets for old weapons and old  
armours.

We might remain for ever at a loss for any explanation of the motive that could induce a man to foist so much worthless and unmeaning rubbish upon the public. But we come towards the end upon something like a candid, albeit shy and half-reluctant, attempt to justify the enormity. In a modest piece we are told that *Nulla dies sine linea* is the author's motto, and that "one line—at least one—I needs must write, before the sun goes down with an angry glare to tell the ocean of a wasted day." We cannot help thinking, for his own sake, that he had better have braved the worst consequences of the anger of the sun than have exposed such stuff as this to the daylight. We do hope he will from henceforth, at all events, be bold enough to hold his hand, and not mind what that tell-tale luminary may have to say.

#### FALKNER LYLE.\*

IT is one of the most common forms of human vanity to fancy oneself specially adapted for some particular position in which fate has not thought fit to place us. There are many men, eminent in their own peculiar walk of life, who are firmly persuaded that their real vocation lies in a totally different direction. Liston, it is said, felt an internal conviction that tragedy was his forte; and he railed against fortune, which forced him to play Paul Pry when he should have been "witching the world" as Hamlet or Othello. Mr. Mark Lemon is afflicted by a similar amiable weakness. He has for many years figured before the public, not without credit, in connection with comic themes, and with the lighter varieties of dramatic writing; but under his light-comedy exterior he has veiled the consciousness of a higher destiny. Most of his productions have been, comparatively speaking, mere flowerets of fiction; but some two years since he came out in the full-blown dignity of a three-volume novel—*Wait for the End*—and he now repeats the venture.

Many of the observations which we made upon *Wait for the End* might with almost equal fitness be applied to *Falkner Lyle*. There is in both books the same jog-trot of incident, the same cool independence of the unities of time and place, and in both cases the hero of the first volume has a daughter to marry—under difficulties—in the third. We are by no means sticklers for the so-called unities, believing that they are frequently more honoured in the breach than the observance, but we have rarely met with a work of fiction in which they are so systematically and perversely disregarded as in these books, and especially in *Falkner Lyle*. The scene of action is constantly changing. Half a dozen different places in England, and two or three in India, are pressed into the author's service; and lest these should not be sufficiently various, he makes a couple of trips to Paris and one flying visit to America. In point of time he is equally erratic. He thinks nothing of letting a gap of a dozen years intervene between two successive chapters; and the third volume is mainly occupied in taking up the dropped stitches of the narrative. The adoption of this plan doubtless lightens the labour of the novelist, but it is hardly a legiti-

\* *Falkner Lyle*; or, the *Story of Two Wives*. By Mark Lemon. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1866.



mate expedient, particularly when employed in the whole manner in which it is used in this novel. The reader is apt, under such treatment, to feel a sense of injury, as though the author had required him to put together a complicated puzzle, and had fraudulently kept back some of the necessary pieces. We do not, of course, insist that every incident should be related in chronological order, but we contend that the fortunes of one character or set of characters should be followed throughout the book. Whatever circumstances of the plot are unknown to this principal character or set of characters may fairly be concealed from the reader. When, however, it becomes necessary to disclose them, they should be disclosed to the characters who have been ignorant of them, and not by the clumsy and artificial mode of relating them directly to the reader. Mr. Lemon's theatrical experience should have saved him from so palpable a blunder. What would he think of a dramatist who in the fifth act of a play should introduce a scene whose action, in point of time, belonged to the first or second? Yet this is precisely what he himself has done, not once only, but half a dozen times, in the book before us.

The plot itself (apart from the form of its narration) is simple enough. The hero, Falkner Lyle, after recovering from a violent boyish attachment to his schoolmaster's daughter, which is nipped in the bud by the young lady very sensibly requesting him not to do it again, falls in love with and marries Bertha Clare, a young lady of great beauty and large fortune, but utterly devoid of any other good quality. As might naturally be expected, the marriage is not a happy one. While the husband is toiling in the duties of his profession, the wife rushes headlong into gaiety and dissipation, relieved by a rather full-flavoured flirtation with one Charles Marston. Remonstrance produces only a torrent of invective, in which accomplishment the lady excels. After little more than a twelvemonth's experience of matrimony, the happy couple agree to separate. There is one child of the marriage, a girl, who is left in the keeping of the mother. Bertha soon tires of her charge, and the child is consigned to the tender mercies of a drunken nurse in a country village. Lyle, discovering her neglect, determines to remove the child to safer custody, which he accomplishes in a neat and effective manner by an abduction, in due form, in the dead of the night. After the mysterious abduction, the safe keeping of the child is, with equal mystery, consigned to Falkner Lyle's boyish love, who amiably accepts the trust. To destroy all clue, Falkner bribes the nurse to emigrate secretly to America, and himself, under a feigned name, proceeds to India. He writes a letter to his wife, informing her that he has removed the child from her custody; but, with exceeding artfulness, he writes the material portion of the letter with a mysterious ink (the recipe for which is known only to himself and Mr. Mark Lemon), which fades away immediately after the letter is read, so that it cannot be used as evidence against him. Bertha has not the smallest affection for her child; but she is perversely determined to foil her husband, and the recovery of the infant forthwith becomes her dearest object in life. For this end she takes a journey to America, to trace and interrogate the nurse, and another to India, in the hope of discovering her husband. What she proposes to do, in the event of succeeding, we are not able to make out. She fails, however, and returns to England, where she too assumes a feigned name, and makes herself as disagreeable as she can to all with whom she comes in contact. Fifteen or sixteen years elapse, when chance throws across her path Falkner's first love, now Mrs. Brownlow, with her supposed daughter. Bertha is, of course, unaware that Ethel Brownlow is her long-sought child, but, as a matter of principle, does her best to blast her reputation and that of her reputed mother, in which attempt she well nigh succeeds. At this critical period, however, Falkner Lyle returns to England; all is cleared up, and Mrs. Lyle for once promotes the general happiness by poisoning herself, and leaving Falkner free to return to his early love.

We have already remarked on the eccentric arrangement of the narrative; which is by no means told in the straightforward order which we have adopted, but skips backwards and forwards from date to date with bewildering agility. The most remarkable feature, however, of the story, is the utter absence of adequate motive for any one action of the characters. The author has not thought fit to adopt a sensation title, but, had he chosen to do so, *Why did they do it?* would have been singularly appropriate. It is hard to see, in the first place, how any man in his senses could have married such an unpleasant person as Bertha Clare. Having married her, to separate again as quickly as possible was only natural, and this is indeed the only really sensible proceeding in the book. The circumstances of the abduction of the child involve a succession of flagrant absurdities. It is no doubt the practice of the Court of Chancery to give the custody of children under seven years of age to the mother; but the rule is entirely subject to the fitness of the mother for the trust. Falkner Lyle might have provided for the care of his child in the simplest way, and without the slightest difficulty. Having effected a wholly unnecessary abduction, his further proceedings are equally inconsequent. He selects, as the most proper person to have the care of the child, a young unmarried lady, whom (as far as we can gather from the story) he has not seen for seven or eight years; and coolly wakes her in the dead of the night to request her acceptance of the charge. The young lady, with equal disregard of probability and of her own good name, jumps at the trust; and when she afterwards marries, her husband asks no questions, but appears to look upon a

baby more or less as a matter of perfect indifference. The child being in England, commonplace people would imagine that its safety would be best ensured by its father's remaining in England too, where he could, if necessary, watch over it. But Mr. Mark Lemon knows better. People in a novel must do something out of the common; so Falkner Lyle having, without apparent reason, written a mysterious letter in magical ink, without apparent reason changes his name, and, equally without apparent reason, goes out to India. Mrs. Lyle also goes to India, but she for once has a motive, such as it is; she wants to ask a few questions, and having asked them she forthwith starts back again; and then makes a similar journey, for a similar purpose, to America and back again. Why she also should, on her return, change her name, we are at a loss to imagine; but the last act of her life is the crowning absurdity. Through two whole volumes she has been seeking her husband and her daughter, and threatening consequences to which battle, murder, and sudden death are mild by comparison, when she shall succeed in finding them. Having found them, she immediately does them the greatest favour that she could possibly confer, by putting an end to herself. The most virtuous act of her life is also the most illogical. It is true that her last words seem to convey a vague threat that they have not heard the last of her; and we are bound to say that, if anybody ever was mean enough to come back in the form of a ghost, Bertha Lyle was just the woman to do it. However, as we do not hear any more of the matter, it is to be hoped that she thought better of her intention.

On the whole, we cannot congratulate the author on his performance. *Falkner Lyle* is readable; but this limited praise is the highest we can fairly bestow. Mr. Mark Lemon stands so high in his own peculiar province that we the more regret that he should waste his powers in a line of art for which he is less fitted.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THERE is probably no instance of a foreign poet being so effectually naturalized in any country as Shakespeare has been naturalized in Germany.\* Admitting that the German translations of him are not so immaculate as the Germans imagine, that their public representations of his works leave much to be desired, that much of their criticism upon him is absurdly ponderous, and much absurdly frivolous, the fact nevertheless remains that Shakespeare is not only generally studied, but has even become the centre of a department of literature which in many respects puts to shame the analogous literature of his native land. The "centenary" movement, so ludicrously abortive in England, has in Germany led to the establishment of a Shakespeare Society, mainly supported by critics and scholars of the first rank, who are pledged to contribute annually one handsome volume to the discussion of Shakspearian subjects. We know too well of what such a volume would have consisted had it been prepared in England. Part would have been devoted to minute philological criticisms very suitable for *Notes and Queries*, part to useless researches concerning the nobodies of Stratford in Shakespeare's time, part to windy declamations, and the largest part of all to petty bickerings and controversies *de lana caprina*. Germany construes her task in a more generous spirit; the range of the essays before us is very wide, and there is not one which does not relate to some interesting subject, worthy of the serious investigation of a cultivated mind. Dr. Koberstein, the editor of Kleist's letters, traces the history of Shakespeare in Germany. Delius analyses the Sonnets with great acuteness, arriving at the conclusion that they are not autobiographical—a view which, we must think, tends to impair their interest and value. Ulrici discusses Marlowe's relations to Shakespeare, and Bodenstedt Chapman's. Karl Elze gives an amusing account of the efforts of the French to provide themselves with a translation of Hamlet. F. A. Leo considers the recently proposed emendations of the text. M. Bernays demolishes Rio's foolish idea that Shakespeare was a Catholic. Mr. A. Cohn, whose researches on the English players in Germany are so valuable, compiles a Shakespeare bibliography for the last two years, in which the slightest communications to reviews are included. This is a most meritorious commencement, and will be a treasury of useful information and judicious criticism, if continued in the same spirit for a few years.

The third volume of Klein's *History of the Drama*† is more satisfactory than either of its predecessors. These discussed the Greek and Roman theatre in a style very much at variance with the dignified method of treatment which the subject appeared to demand. Works distinguished by a classic repose and severity should be approached in a corresponding spirit, and Herr Klein's lively, random, familiar, often crude, style of composition was calculated to disturb associations dear to most of those whom his subject interested in any degree. He is much more at home in his new volume, which collects into one view the barbaric coruscations of Hindoo, Chinese, Mediæval, even Japanese and Arctic, dramatists. The Indian drama is indeed replete with beauty, but of a varied and irregular kind, which adapts itself, not ungracefully, to Herr Klein's prolix but animated criticism. Except that wonderful picture of national manners, the incomparable "Toy-

\* *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*. Im Auftrage des Vorstandes herausgegeben durch F. Bodenstedt. Jahrgang I. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte des Drama's*. Von J. L. Klein. Bd. 3. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Asher & Co.

Cart," and that very singular performance, the *Mudra Rakshasa*, the best Indian plays may be more accurately described as romantic operas. Herr Klein, we perceive, agrees with Wilson in preferring Bhavabuti to Kalidasa. His account of both is copious and interesting, and the same may be said for his analysis of the Chinese drama, which he is unfeeling enough to compare with the French. Coming nearer to our own times and ideas, he is enthusiastic in praise of the nun Hrosvitha, whose plays are certainly distinguished by unusual spirit and simplicity. The volume is as full as ever of digressions, little eccentric outbursts of opinion, bad puns, and quaintnesses of all sorts.

Alexander Petöfi\* is one of the most extraordinary examples of what it is in the power of genius to effect. He was the son of a butcher, and, which was worse, of an impoverished butcher. His early days were sufficiently unpromising; he would learn nothing at school, and ran away to become successively an errand-boy, a soldier, an unsuccessful actor, and a vagabond. But he had contrived to pick up one or two modern languages, and already felt himself a poet. Receiving some encouragement from a newspaper, he set out to walk from Debreczin to Pesh in the middle of winter, with three shillings in his pocket, his manuscript between his skin and his shirt, and a huge cudgel in his hand. Arrived, he introduced himself to the reigning poet Vörösmarty, who listened with exemplary patience while the wild-looking young man declaimed his verses, and, when he had finished, calmly observed, "You are the only lyrical poet that Hungary has ever had, myself not excepted. We must take care of you"—an incident which Petöfi's biographer is probably quite correct in pronouncing unique in literary history. From that hour Petöfi's fortune was made; his intellect, his attainments, his poetical faculty developed with astounding rapidity, and his productiveness surpassed everything—at least on the part of a real poet—that the world had seen since the days of Shelley and Byron. He became a journalist and politician, espoused the popular cause with all the vehemence of his nature, and, when the civil war broke out, served as aide-de-camp to Bem, by whom he was highly esteemed. At the battle of Schässburg, where Bem himself only escaped by plunging into a bog, Petöfi disappeared altogether. No doubt exists that he was killed, but the body was never found, and literally no trace of him remained except the poems which have eclipsed the past and revolutionized the future of Hungarian literature. The secret of this extraordinary success lay chiefly in the intensely national character of Petöfi's poetry. The nation had had many good poets before him, but, as Vörösmarty perhaps intended to imply, they were not Hungarian poets in anything but their language. They had formed themselves on foreign models, and a nation inferior to none in spirit and self-respect felt a secret humiliation at being solely represented by them. Petöfi did not, then, enrich a previously existing literature; he called a new one into life, and achieved in his own department the same independence for his countrymen which it is their darling aim to realize in politics. This will sufficiently account for their enthusiastic appreciation of his writings, which, with every allowance for the imperfections of translation, must still appear somewhat extravagant in the eyes of dispassionate foreigners. Much of his poetry resembles the inferior productions of Byron—energetic in expression, but poor in feeling and commonplace in thought. Often, again, he is like Burns; and here, indeed, he stands on his own ground, and appears to have been to Hungary what the Ayrshire ploughman was to Scotland. He will be indebted for much of his European renown to the translator of this volume, though unfortunately M. Kerthey wants the *curiosa felicitas*, the vivifying touch which makes all the difference between poetry and prose.

A collection of the national ballads and traditions of the Tscherkessians† is interesting both on its own account and on that of the compiler. Schora-Bekmursin-Nogmow was a native Tscherkessian, who displayed a remarkable talent for languages, and was employed both in the military and civil service of Russia. He died in 1844, leaving this collection behind him, with sufficient annotations of his own to form something like an approach to a connected history of his people. Tscherkessian popular literature, so far as we have it here, appears to be little distinguished by fancy, but to relate chiefly to actual occurrences, consisting in a great measure of encomiums on the prowess of warriors, or lamentations over the dead. Honour, valour, and affection are sufficiently discoverable among these rude utterances, and it may be considered as a real loss to the world that the spirit of clanship, and the perpetual feuds which it originated, should never have allowed the mountaineers of the Caucasus to consolidate themselves into a nation.

Poland‡, like Hungary, has had her national awakening, and the exertions of her scholars have been more successful than those of her patriots. The number of publications that issue every year from the Polish press, and the large proportion of these that are devoted to national history, archaeology, philology, everything that can remind the people of their independent existence, are sufficient proofs of the prevalence in that country of the sentiment which animates the other nationalities of Eastern Europe. Herr

Adler has endeavoured to combine the results of many inquirers, and to present something like a connected view of the moral and material condition of the land from the earliest period.

Compared with Poland, Spain\* stands forward in a blaze of historical and topographical light; yet nothing can be less correct than many of the ideas conventionally entertained respecting it. The aspects of the country are indeed so dissimilar that it is difficult to combine them in a single picture. Herr Stahl's first volume, for example, is a melancholy, almost dismal, book. It is occupied with North and Middle Spain, where the writer seems to have seen nothing but arid plains, stony wildernesses, dried-up river-beds, empty palaces, ruins, and tombs. In the second volume he has got into the South, and though the ruins are as plentiful as ever, the impression they create is something perfectly distinct; all is cheerful, sunny, and genial. The inhabitants alone do not participate in the improvement, for Herr Stahl seems, like M. Théophile Gautier, to have visited Spain when the Spaniards were not at home. We suspect that he did not understand the language; certain it is that we learn very little from him as to the condition of the people. In other respects he is a good traveller, entertaining in his remarks, pictorial in his descriptions, and well versed in the history of his subject. He visited Gibraltar, and there found occasion to make a remark which we commend to our travelling countrymen. It is that the English would be as popular on the Continent as they are now the reverse, if they would but behave among foreigners as they do among themselves.

Among the many munificent contributions to literature made by the Bavarian Government is a complete edition of the chronicles of the cities of Germany from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century.† Three volumes have been published, and a fresh set is commenced by the chronicles of Augsburg, which are rich in picturesque anecdotes and graphic illustrations of the manners of the times.

Baron Eötvös's‡ essay on the perplexing question of the nationalities of Hungary may be regarded as a commentary on the Hungarian Diet's declaration of its willingness to make every concession to the other nationalities that does not involve the political disintegration of the country. The misfortune is that this disintegration is just what the other nationalities desire to effect. If by some miracle Croats and Roumans could be persuaded to merge their own nationality in the Hungarian, such a solution would be satisfactory to Europe in general; but we can see no prospect of such a settlement.

The name of Dr. Ulrich§ has acquired a European celebrity, and become in a manner typical of an extensive and creditable school of German speculation. It suggests immense profundity, occasionally of the dull and invariably of the verbose sort, but frequently characterized by real insight, and always respectable from its serious purpose and laborious industry. These qualities, conspicuous in Ulrich's celebrated work on Shakspeare, seem to be equally displayed in the seven hundred pages which preface his attempt to lay a mere foundation for the science of psychology. Works so elaborate will, we fear, stand as poor a chance with the lively and popularized essays of the materialists as the Spanish galleons with the handy vessels of Drake. Comtists and Vogtians will only laugh at Dr. Ulrich; but those who continue to see something more than the mere result of organization, both in the universe and the microcosm, will be glad to find their conclusions supported by a thinker so deliberate and exhaustive.

We cannot say much for Dr. Jastrow's *Four Centuries from the History of the Jews*||. No period of Jewish history is fraught with deeper interest, and none is more in want of serious investigation, than that between the destruction of the First Temple and the Restoration under the Maccabees. The Babylonian Captivity in itself is one of the most wonderful chapters in the history of humanity. What changes were in its course wrought in the mind of the people; how Judaism and Zoroastrianism mutually worked upon each other; what was the literature which the Captives carried with them, orally or otherwise, into exile, and how much of what is now being excavated from the mounds of Targum, Midrash, Talmud, and late cabalistic lore, belongs to foreign soil; the Babylonian origin of the Synagogues themselves—do we more than vaguely guess at all these things? Nay, how far those most vital ideas of immortality and retribution, the Messiah, and the like, date originally from Judæa or from Babylon, and how it came about that a people given to idolatry as perhaps no other people ever was, after the lapse of little more than two generations, should have returned montheistic even to fanaticism—who can tell? And the whole mystery of the first appearance of the "Oral Law," together with that puzzling "Synagoga Magna," where but in Babylon is its solution to be looked for? For an elucidation of all or any of these points we look in vain in Dr. Jastrow's book. We have instead bursts of psychology, among which there is a

\* *Spanien*. Reiseblätter von Arthur Stahl. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Asher & Co.

† *Die Chroniken der deutschen Städte vom 14. bis ins 16. Jahrhundert*. Bd. 4. Augsburg: Bd. 1. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Die Nationalitäten-Frage*. Von Josef Freiherrn von Eötvös. Uebersetzt von Dr. M. Falk. Pest: Ráth. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Gott und der Mensch*. Von Dr. H. Ulrich. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Vier Jahrhunderte aus der Geschichte der Juden. Von der Zerstörung des ersten Tempels bis zur Makkabäischen Tempelweiche*. In zwölf Vorlesungen. Von Dr. M. Jastrow. Heidelberg: Carlebach. London: Asher & Co.

\* *Sechzehn erzählende Dichtungen von A. Petöfi*. Aus dem Ungarischen übersetzt von K. M. Kerthey. Prag: Steinhauser. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Sagen und Lieder der Tscherkessen-Völke*. Gesammelt vom Kabardiner Schora-Bekmursin-Nogmow, bearbeitet und mit einer Vorrede versehen von A. Berger. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Studien zur Cultur-Geschichte Polens*. Von C. Adler. Berlin: Mittler. London: Asher & Co.



curious explanation of the "talent" of prophecy, which the author thinks may be developed like any other talent; we have a rapid kind of exegesis; a little dose of "philosophy of history," and plenty of enthusiastic fits. Lectures before a mixed audience do not, as a rule, soar very high, but these are below the ordinary standard. Dr. Jastrow has both read and thought, but he was ill advised to print commonplaces on so great a subject.

Semitic scholars will be grateful for Professor Dillmann's new contribution to Ethiopic studies. This Chrestomathy contains the Book of Baruch—not the well-known apocryphal work, but a sort of appendix to it, probably translated from the Greek; several legends of saints and "sentences," both from Arabic sources; prayers, epistles, homilies, a sermon of John Chrysostom; poems, and the like. An ample glossary adds not a little to the usefulness of the work.

Dr. Zumpt† considers that the present condition of juristic knowledge admits and requires a new work on Roman law. Few will dispute his competency to supply such a deficiency. The plan of his work is historical, and the first part of the first volume comes down to the legislation of the Decemvirs. Dr. Wittstock's *Encyclopædia of Pedagogy*‡ is a much less formidable work than the title would have led us to anticipate. It consists of some useful practical remarks on the various branches of education, with a brief account of the standard authorities on each subject.

We have before us a new periodical on geological science§, the first part of which, a goodly volume in itself, is occupied by a single paper on the palæontology of the Jura and the Southern Alps. Three other essays are announced as nearly ready. The size of the periodical is imposing, the typography good, the plates numerous and well-executed. Typography and illustration have both done much for *Das Meer*||, another proof that the Germans understand how to popularize science without impairing its utility or its dignity. When completed, this handsome work will be an encyclopædia of information on all things marine. Chess is a science, and Andersen's last contribution to it¶ deserves a place among scientific works. It consists of the best games played by him during 1864 and 1865, with annotations by G. R. Neumann. Andersen would appear to be now in full activity, and incontestably at the head of living players since the retirement of Morphy.

Professor Rötcher\*\* is best known as a writer on Aristophanes. His "Dramaturgic Problems" is a most comprehensive miscellany, designed for the instruction of authors and actors. The end is sought to be attained by the publication of original dramas, notices of the most remarkable dramatic productions, and æsthetic lectures by the editor and his friends. The scale of this ambitious publication may well astonish authors and actors in England, where the only periodical, as far as we are aware, exclusively devoted to the drama just manages to fill eight diminutive pages at twopenny a week.

Two noble authors, one the elegant biographer of Raffaele, seem to have united their powers to produce a series of dramas.† Whether they have profited by Professor Rötcher's instructions we cannot say, but their treatment of the tragic story of Sophia Dorothea is not devoid of power and pathos. With an author's true horror of "cuts," the passages to be omitted in representation are indicated by brackets.

Moritz Hartmann, formerly considered as one of the most promising of the younger German poets, seems to be acquiring a position as one of the best of the novelists. Three volumes of short tales‡ are characterized throughout by great finish, polish, and quietness, combined with a well-constructed plot and interesting situations. "The Last Days of a King"§§ is a graphic picture of the closing scenes in Murat's romantic career. The third volume of the *Deutsches Novellenbuch*|| contains four tales, of much less pretension and achievement than Hartmann's, but all fair specimens of a style in which German writers excel as decidedly as they fail in long elaborate fictions. The twelfth volume of Simrock's *Folksbücher*¶¶ contains five popular romances, the best known of which is "The Seven Wise Masters."

The first volume of a new literary annual, edited by Richard

Gosche\*, promises very well for the success of the undertaking. Its most important feature is a copious bibliography of contemporary literature, which shows at once what is doing in every department in every country in Europe. The survey of Russian literature is peculiarly interesting. It also contains several essays, the most valuable of which are that on the dramatic writings of Diderot, by the celebrated critic Rosenkranz, and the editor's very complete account of the life and works of Swift.

A series of silhouette illustrations to *Faust*† deserve honourable mention for their great cleverness, and an effectiveness surpassing all that could have been fairly expected from the medium employed.

\* *Jahrbuch für Literaturgeschichte*. Herausgegeben von R. Gosche. Bd. 1. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams & Norgate.

† 12 *Blätter zu Goethe's Faust*. Erfanden von Paul Konewka. Berlin: Anslar & Kulhardt. London: Asher & Co.

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### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—

Herr JOACHIM'S LAST APPEARANCE but TWO this Season, on Monday Evening next, March 19. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé; Violin, Herr Joachim; Violoncello, Signor Flatt; Vocalist, Mr. Santley. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. To commence at Eight o'clock. Seats, 1s. Admission, 1s. Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—

The Directors beg to announce that the last MORNING PERFORMANCE will take place on Saturday next, March 21. To commence at Three o'clock. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard; Violin, Herr Joachim; last appearance but one this season; Second Violin, Herr L. Rosen; Viola, Mr. R. Blagrove and Mr. W. Hanna; Violoncello, Signor Flatt; Vocalist, Mr. Santley; Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. Seats, 1s. Admission, 1s. Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; at Austin's, 29 Piccadilly; and at Keith, Prosser, & Co.'s, 63 Cheapside.

### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Queen's Concert Room.

Haymarket Square.—Conductor, Professor STERNDALE BENNETT. SECOND CONCERT, March 19, at Eight o'clock. Programme: Haydn's Symphony, Letter Q; Vioti's Violin Concerto in A; Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat; Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony; and Schubert's Overture to "Masaniello." Pianist, Mr. W. G. Cooke. Violinist, Herr Joachim; Vocalist, Miss Louise Frye.—Tickets to be obtained at Messrs. L. Cook, Addison, & Co.'s, 63 New Bond Street.

### M. JULIEN'S GRAND ORCHESTRAL AND VOCAL

CONCERT, St. James's Hall, Wednesday Evening, March 21.—The Orchestra will consist of Eighty Performers. The Chorus will comprise One Hundred Voices from the St. Cecilia Society, conducted by Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Vocalists, Miss Lieberhardt, Miss Danielson, and Miss Louise Frye; Mr. Leigh Wilson. Pianoforte, Mr. Brinley Richards. Cornet & Flute, Mr. Lewis; Violoncello, Mr. B. Collins; Euphonium, Mr. Peasey. Accompanists, Signor Randegger and Berigiani. Conductor, M. Julien. The Programme will include Selections from Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony and Beethoven's symphony in F; the Overture to "Guillaume Tell"; a Grand Selection from Gounod's "Faust"; Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"; a new Valse, "The Adieu," by H. J. Snelling; and M. Julien's last Quadrille, on Offenbach's Operetta, "Op. 10." Miss Louise Frye will sing "The Power of Love," and "Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer," Miss Lieberhardt some of her popular Lieder. Mr. Leigh Wilson will sing "Come, if you dare," by Farwell (with chorus), and a new ballad, "Ah, never deem my love can change," by J. R. Thomas. Further particulars will be duly announced. Stalls, 6s.; Tickets, 2s., 1s., to be had of Mr. Austin, 29 Piccadilly; Messrs. Chappell, New Bond Street; Mr. Mitchell, Bond Street; and Messrs. Keith, Prosser, & Co., Cheapside.

### CRYSTAL PALACE.—Next Saturday.—MR. SANTLEY will

sustain the part of Polyphemus, in Handel's *ACIS AND GALATEA*. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Crown, at the Palace, and at 6 Exeter Hall.—Apply at once.

### INDIAN GALLERY.—CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Directors

are desirous to be favoured with the LOAN, for Exhibition, of ORIENTAL ARMS, and other Objects of Interest or Curiosity, Japanese, Chinese, or Indian, from Private or other Collections.—Applications to be made to Mr. L. S. Library, Crystal Palace.

G. GROVE, Secretary.

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MENT, "MRS. BROWN AT HOME AND ABROAD," at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, Every Evening, at Eight (except Saturday). Saturday Afternoon at Three. Tickets at the Box Office daily from Eleven to Five; Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library; and all Music-sellers.

\* *Chrestomathia Ethiopica*. Editæ et glossario explanata ab Augusto Dillmann. Lipsiæ: Weigel. London: Asher & Co.

† *Das Criminalrecht der Römischen Republik*. Von A. W. Zumpt. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Encyclopædie der Pädagogik im Grundriss*. Von Dr. A. Wittstock. Heidelberg: Bassermann. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Geognostisch-Paläontologische Beiträge*. Herausgegeben von Dr. E. W. Benecke. München: R. Oldenbourg. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Das Meer*. Von M. J. Schleiden. Berlin: Sacco. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *A. Andersen's Schachpartien aus den Jahren 1864 und 1865*. Herausgegeben von G. R. Neumann. Berlin: Springer. London: Asher & Co.

\*\* *Dramaturgische Probleme*. Von Professor H. T. Rötcher. Dresden: Meinhold. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Dramatische Werke*. Von L. A. von Winterfeld und Alfred Freiherrn von Wolzogen. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡‡ *Nach der Natur*. Novellen von Moritz Hartmann. 3 Bde. Stuttgart: Ebner. London: Williams & Norgate.

§§ *Die letzten Tage eines Königs*. Historische Novelle von Moritz Hartmann. Stuttgart: Halberger. London: Nutt.

||| *Deutsches Novellenbuch*. Bd. 3. Hannover: Klindworth. London: Asher & Co.

¶¶ *Die deutschen Volksbücher*. Gesammelt von K. Simrock. Bd. 12. Frankfurt: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

**STODARE.**—Three Hundred and Seventy-third Representation. THEATRE OF MYSTERY, Egyptian Hall. MARVELS IN MAGIC AND VENTRILOQUISM, as performed by command, before H.M. the Queen and Royal Family, at Windsor Castle, November 21, 1865, and twice before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, June 3, 1865, and March 10, 1866.—The mysterious SPHINX, Birth of Flower-tree, and Stodare's celebrated Indian Basket Feet, as only performed by him. Every Evening at Eight. Wednesday and Saturday at Three. Seats at Mitchell's, Old Bond Street, and Box-office, Egyptian Hall. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s.

"Almost miraculous."—*Vide Times*, April 19, 1865.

**GENERAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.** Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The Exhibition is open Daily, from Ten till Six. On dark days, and at dusk, the Gallery is lighted by Gas.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d.

**ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION SOCIETY, 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street.**—A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, Esq., M.P., L.L.D., F.S.A., President.—The Council beg to announce that the ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Society will OPEN, as usual, the First Week in MAY. Drawings to be sent in on or before the 3rd day of April next.

ROBERT W. EDIS, Esq., Hon. Secy.

**THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM, South Kensington.** The following MEETING and LECTURES will take place in the Theatre of the Geological Museum, Jermyn Street, St. James's:

Wednesday, March 21. Distribution of Prizes to Art-Workmen by the President of the Architectural Museum.  
Wednesday, April 23. Existing Obstacles to the Progress of Gothic Architecture in England. By F. S. POWELL, Esq., M.P.  
Wednesday, May 2. Breadth of Light and Shadow in Architecture. By Sir WALTER C. JAMES, Bart.  
Wednesday, May 9. The History of the Charter-House of Westminster. By the Very Rev. A. F. S. JAMES, D.D., Dean of Westminster.  
Wednesday, May 30. Gravestones. By the Rev. E. L. COWE, M.A.  
Wednesday, June 13. The Medieval Houses of the City of Wells. By J. H. PARKER, Esq., F.S.A.

(The Temporary Theatre at South Kensington having been pulled down, the Theatre of the Geological Museum has been kindly lent by Sir Alexander I. Murdoch for this course of Lectures.)

A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, President.

GEO. GILBERT SCOTT, Treasurer.

JOSEPH CLARKE, Hon. Secy.

The Chair will be taken on each Evening at Eight o'clock precisely.

Art-Workmen may obtain Cards of Admission by sending a Directed and Stamped Envelope to JOSEPH CLARKE, Esq., 110m. Secy, 14 Stratford Place, W.

**NEWSVENDERS' BENEVOLENT and PROVIDENT INSTITUTION (President—CHARLES DICKENS, Esq.).**—W. T. MAC TORMEN, Esq., M.P., will take the Chair at the ANNUAL DINNER, to be held on the 29th inst., at Freemasons' Tavern.

**LOCAL EXAMINATIONS of the UNIVERSITY of OXFORD—LONDON CENTRE.**—The FORMS which it is necessary for all Candidates to fill up, and return on or before April 14, may now be had by applying to 31 Finsbury Square, E.C.

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**ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, Bradfield, Reading.**—Bradfield is Three Miles from Reading, Four Miles from Farnborough Station of the Great Western Railway, and Eight Miles from Reading, its Post-town. As there are six other places of the same Name, and Nine Villages called "Bradley," many mistakes, involving much inconvenience, have arisen lately from misapprehension as to the Identity and neighbourhood of this School. All Letters, &c., for St. Andrew's College, Bradfield, should be directed to BRADFIELD, READING.

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